McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XIX—NUMBER 36. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 24, 1882. TERMS $1.50 PER ANNUM

THE McKEAN MINER.

H. F. BARBOUR, Proprietor.

County Superintendent.

I will be found at my office in the Court House on the last Saturday of each month. Business at the Rockwell House. M. O. CAMPBELL.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKEAN LODGE, No. 301, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

M. A. SPEAGUE, W. M.
W. D. GALLUP, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 191, meets every Tuesday evening in the Masonic Hall.

H. L. HUMPHREYS, M. W.
WARLEY GIFFORD, Recorder.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Monday evening at Masonic Hall

H. W. RUBIN, N. G.
W. H. WETHERALD, Sec'y.

Churches.

METHODIST—E. P. HOBART, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Class Meeting directly after morning services. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 p. m. Sabbath School every Sabbath immediately after the morning service.

BAPTIST———, pastor. Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half-past 6 p. m. Sabbath School directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m.

EPISCOPAL—The Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

ST. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. J. F. SMITH, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Borough Officers.

Burgess—J. C. Backus.
Clerk Burgess—S. J. Gifford.
Council—S. A. Backus, Wm. Ramser, A. B. Armstrong, Wm. Specht, H. F. Wright, G. R. Mayo.
Constable—Frank Kemp.
School Directors—J. C. Backus, H. L. McCoy, Ira S. Gleason, David Sherrett, J. W. Brennan, Stephen Pattison.
Auditors—M. Smith, P. Ford.
Justices—John Farrell, John R. Shoemaker, Warley Gifford.
Commissioners—J. C. Hamlin, A. D. Burbank.
Inspectors of Elections—S. Gordon.
Supervisors—Jabez Beckwith, S. J. Gifford.
Assessor—O. M. Smith.

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.
Additional Judge—S. F. Wilson, Wellsboro, Tioga Co.
Associate Judges—Henry Hamlin, Smethport, P. M. Fuller, Ormsdell.
District Attorney—E. McGarrett, Smethport.
Sheriff—A. J. Wilcox, Bradford.
Prothonotary—John B. Brawley, Bradford.
County Treasurer—J. W. Brennan, Smethport.
Commissioners—T. Palmer, Dallas City, Pa.; S. Johnson, Bradford; A. Rielle, Smethport.
Clerk—John R. Shoemaker, Smethport.
Jury Com'rs—N. C. Gallup, O. P. Olson.
Auditors—A. P. Brewer, F. K. Washburn, A. A. Stevens.
County Surveyor—G. H. Lyon, Bradford, Pa.
Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, May and September, and Third Monday of December.

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Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

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BACKUS & GORTON,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Smethport, Pa.

Office—Sartwell Block, Main Street.

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G. A. BERRY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

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Office: Exchange Building, Main St.

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Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

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J. C. STURGEON & BRO.,

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NOCTURNE IN BLACK AND BLUE.

The silver moonbeams flickered with the shadows on the floor.
And he covered both her rosy cheeks with kisses over and over.
But he will never go back again to do it any more.
For her father lay in wait for him behind the parlor door.
And the rustling rose leaves trembled in a sudden rushing rout.
And he felt a strange sensation that he'd never felt before.
And an anguish filled his being to its utmost mortal core.
And he felt as though his body was one vast and aching sore.
Now he'll never serenade her with the twanging of his lute;
From the tree of disappointment he has eaten bitter fruit;
And he's sworn that he'll never never press his loving suit
Where the father of the family wears a number fourteen boot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Little Coward.

That was what Miss Merivale had called her that morning when she trembled and turned pale because the black mare reared with her. She begged Sir Robert to take her off, and stood in ignominious safety while Agatha Merivale mounted Stella and rode off triumphant down the avenue.

She was a coward. She did not deny it, and was sometimes very much ashamed of it. But no one had seemed to mind it, until Agatha Merivale came, with her bold, dark eyes and her dashing ways, her riding, and hunting, and everybody admired Agatha so much, even Sir Robert.

She almost hated Agatha. You see, until Agatha came they had been so happy at De Rossett. Little orphan Madelaine Leigh had never been so happy in her life as here at the hall with sweet Lady De Rossett, who was her guardian, and her son, Sir Robert. They were so kind and good to her. They petted her and loved her so. And now Agatha had come, and for two weeks had monopolized Sir Robert and kept the house in a turmoil of gayety and laughed at Lina, and made her life wretched.

Lina's maid reported that everybody said Sir Robert was to marry Miss Merivale. Lina made a stern resolve that she would run away from the hall when that event took place. Run away! She would run away now! Not far though—she was to much of a coward to venture far into the world alone; but she would go away across the fields to "Aunt Margaret's" as she called Lady De Rossett's widowed sister in law, who lived in a quiet, comfortable house a mile away from the hall.

Mrs. Harrington was an invalid, paralyzed and confined to her bed. She was rather a grim old lady, and most were inclined to shun her, but sweet, bright little Lina had won her way into the old lady's heart, and was always welcome at the lodge.

Yes, she would run away to Aunt Margaret's, and perhaps when she was missed, Sir Robbert might feel a moment's uneasiness about her. Seizing her hat and a light shawl, she flew across the park, calling Leo, Sir Robert's pretty collie, to go with her. Lina did not like to cross the fields alone, being possessed by a great terror of bulls, but with Leo she would not mind it much.

Leo was calmly taking a nap on the front portico, but he started up and raced after her with a joyous bark. But at the little gate that led from the park into the fields, Lina was greatly disconcerted by an unexpected encounter with Sir Robert and Miss Merivale, who came laughing and talking along the path, both looking bright and handsome in the golden rays of the setting sun.

She brushed past them with a hasty "Good evening," but Sir Robbert turned back to speak to her.

"Where are you going, Lina?" he asked.

"To Aunt Margaret's," she answered, not looking at him.

"Alone, Lina? Are you not afraid? If you will wait a little while, I will go with you," Sir Robbert said, looking down at the girl's flushed cheeks and averted eyes.

"No, thanks, Lina answered, hastily. "I will not trouble you. Leo will take care of me. And you would be late for dinner if you went with me."

"May I come for you, then, after dinner?" Sir Robert asked.

"Thanks, I am not going back. I shall stay all night," was the hurried answer, and Lina turned to go.

But Sir Robert detained her for a moment.

"Lina," he said in a low tone, "what makes you avoid me so, lately? What have I done to offend you?"

Lina raised her blue eyes hastily to his, for one moment and then dropped them again.

"I have not avoided you," she said coldly. "You have been very much occupied with—other people. There, I will not detain you."

She waived her little hand haughtily, and walked away from him. He watched the pretty, white-robed figure for a moment, and then Leo came and fawned on him.

"Leo, Leo!" cried Lina's voice.

"Go, Leo," said his master, and the obedient dog trotted off down the path after the girl.

It was rather dreary at the "Lodge" that evening. Mrs. Harrington was out of humor because her agent had failed to call that day to receive a thousand pounds that she wished him to deposit for her. And Parkins, her nurse and housemaid, let the maid-servants all go off to a fair in the village, "where they will certainly get into mischief," Mrs. Harrington said.

But when Lina had talked to her and made her laugh a little, she forgot her grievances, and chatted away very pleasantly. At ten o'clock she declared she had laughed till she was tired, and Lina must give her her drops and let her go to sleep.

"There! the spoon is gone. Where can Parkins have put it? Child, would you mind running down into the pantry and bringing me a spoon? I would ring for Parkins, but she told me she wanted to get up some muslins this evening, and would come up as soon as she had finished."

Lina did not altogether like to pass down the long stairs and silent entries leading to the pantry, but she went, and Leo trotted after her. As she stood in the pantry, looking around for spoons with no light but a faint gleam from the hall lamp, a sound of low voices caught her ear.

The pantry was on the ground floor, its iron barred shuttered window looking into the garden. The sound was outside the window, and Lina paused to listen. The first word that caught her ear startled her.

"A thousand pounds and all the old woman's jewelry and plate!" said a man's voice, in a husky undertone.

"Yes," was the reply in a woman's voice—the voice, Lina knew, of Parkins, Mrs. Harrington's model, soft voiced, lady-like nurse—"and there won't be any trouble about it. Because I have let the woman go away to stay all night, and sent the gardiner on a fool's errand to misses brother's 30 miles off."

"But this girl that came to night—what about her?" asked the man.

"Oh, she will go to her room presently, and stay there if she is wise. She'd be no hindrance anyway—a silly, timid little thing. But it's as well to let her get out of the way," said Parkins, coolly.

"I tell you it's not safe before 11 o'clock," Parkins said, positively. "People may come in. Sir Robert don't like her out of his sight for long, and that idiotic young Marsden may come mooning in. Wait till half past eleven, and the west door here will be open. And Jim, look here, when you get the swag, you are to take me with you—your wife, mind."

The voices grew fainter. Evidently the speakers were moving away from the house. But Lina had heard enough. Sick with terror, she leaned against the pantry wall a moment and tried to think. What did it all mean? Robbery, murder? And no help near. Her first instinct was to fly out of the house and across the field to the Hall. But her absence would be instantly discovered, she knew, and then poor Aunt Margaret would be alone with those wretches. No, she must not go—But to stand here idly would do no good. She flew like a bird along the halls and up stairs. Leo pacing by her side. At Aunt Margaret's door she paused and a sudden thought came to her. She would send Leo home for help.

"Where is the spoon, child! How long you stand. Good heavens! what is the matter?" cried the old lady, as she saw the girl's white, terrified face. Lina began some evasive answer, but instantly remembered that Aunt Margaret must be told the whole story or nothing could be done to save her. She did tell it, and Aunt Margaret listened in silent consternation, and burst out impetuously with:

"Good heavens, child! Why don't you run right home!"

"Because I know Parkins would be up here in a few minutes and find I was gone and then—"

"Ah, well. So you stayed to save the old woman if you could. What are you doing child? Why don't you lock the door and pile things against it? Good God! if I was just able to rise out of this bed!"

But Lina did not speak for a moment. She had found a pencil and paper and was rapidly writing a few words. When she had finished—

"Now," she said, "when Parkins comes tell her I am to sleep on her couch here in your room, and she must go somewhere else. I will be back in a moment. Leo!"

Out of the room she darted, and down to the hall door, which she unbarred and passed through. Then, kneeling in the shadow of a pillar on the portico, she tied the note tightly in her handkerchief round Leo's neck.

She put her arms round his neck after that, kissed his forehead, and a half sob escaped her.

"Is that you, miss?" said a smooth voice from the hall. "Why, whatever are you doing in the dark there?"

Lina sprang up as if she had been shot.

"I am sending the dog home," she said, speaking quietly, though the throbs of her heart shook her whole frame. "He is restless here without his master. Go home, Leo—straight home, sir!"

The dog, with one farewell lick of her hand, bounded down the steps and vanished in the dewy darkness of the summer night.

"Oh, God! let him go safely and swiftly!" prayed the girl in her heart.

Then she went in and helped Parkins bar the door, and they went together up stairs.

Aunt Margaret lay very quietly on her pillow, but with her black eyes gleaming.

"Parkins," she said, steadily, as they entered, "Miss Leigh is kind enough to offer to stay with me here to night. She will sleep on your couch, and you, poor soul, can go and get a good night's rest in another room."

Parkins was silent for one instant, and then began a series of smooth, polite expostulations, which no one would heed, and finally the civil nurse prepared the couch for Lina and took herself off, observing sweetly:

"If Miss Leigh will leave the door ajar, I can hear a call from this room, and will come instantly."

"Thanks, Parkins, but I hope I shall not have to call you," said Lina, sparkling as sweet as Parkins herself.

Then as she glided to the door as soon as it was closed, she turned with a face of dismay, and whispered:

"The key is gone! She took it when she was fidgetting in and out with the sheets and pillows."

"There is a bolt besides," Aunt Margaret answered.

Lina gave a sigh of relief as she slipped the bolt into the groove, and felt that she had some little protection against the enemy.

"Now, child," Aunt Margaret said, "can you use a pistol?"

"I never touched one in my life," said the "little coward." "But if I had one now I would try."

"Very well. Take my safe key—it is under my pillow—and unlock the safe. They are just as my husband left them a year ago, but Robert looked at them a few days ago, and said they were all right. That is it. Put one of them on the foot of the bed, and if those wretches come, try, my dear, to use it. Now put the other here, by my left hand. Thank God! I can use that a little. Now, what are you doing? Oh, yes; pile up all you can against the door. There, you can't move anything else. Now, come here, little girl, kneel down by me, and let's say our prayers together."

With the old lady's thin, pallid hand clasped tightly in her two cold, trembling little ones, Lina knelt down there, and burying her face in the pillow, tried to pray.

Her petition was not a very coherent one. It was only a wild, passionate cry for pity and help, and meantime she was listening, with every nerve strained, for sounds from the outside. A lamp burned in the room. On the mantlepiece a softly ticking clock marked the slow minutes. No other sound broke the stillness.

Presently a sob shook the girl's figure. She was thinking of Sir Robert and his tender care over her.

Oh, if she had only not been so wayward and proud this evening, all would have been well. He would have come for her, and they would have been safe.

But surely, surely, he would come yet. He could not fail to find the note and she knew he would come to save her. But yet horrible doubts came to her as to whether the note would reach him. It might be lost, or Leo might wander about and not get home until it was too late.

Too late! Lina shuddered and sobbed again as she thought what that might mean. Oh, it is hard to think of dying so helplessly, so horrible, with help so near.

The long minutes crept on, and no sound came until 11 o'clock had passed. The little clock softly chimed the half hour. Then, in a few moments, came a sound of stealing footsteps in the passage, and the knob of the door was softly turned.

Breathless silence in the room. Then a gentle tap at the door. Lina clasped Aunt Margaret's hand convulsively, and the old lady spoke.

"What is that!" she asked, steadily.

"But see here, Molly why not do it now? Then we'll have more time to get away before daylight," said the man.

"It is me, Parkins, ma'am. Would you ask Miss Leigh if she will kindly open the door? I have the toothache, and want some laudanum."

"What a devil it is!" whispered Aunt Margaret. Then aloud: "Go down stairs and get something, Parkins. I cannot trouble Miss Leigh."

Lina hoped that Parkins would urge the point a little. Anything to prolong the parley and gain time.

But a whisper in the passage followed, and then a man's voice:

"Ladies, there's no use making a row. Just open the door peacefully, and you sha'n't be hurt. We'll break it down if you don't."

"What do you want?" Lina asked, hoping to gain a little time. A new and gruff voice answered, insolently:

"You know well enough what we want, Miss. We want the thousand pounds and the diamonds, and we mean to have them. So don't be a fool, but just open the door peacefully, or you'll be sorry."

Lina sprang to her feet and seized the pistol. A flood of color rushed to her cheek and brow. She had been insulted and threatened, and indignation overpowered terror. She went toward the door and called out, quickly and clearly:

"You're not coming in. I have sent for help, and Sir Robert and his men will be here directly. I am armed, and if you do break the door down I will shoot you like a dog."

A moment's silence followed, then a coarse laugh, and—

"All gammon. She hadn't no one to send. Break the door down," in Parkin's voice; and heavy blows began to fall upon the door. It trembled and cracked beneath the battery. A panel broke, and a man's hand was thrust in; the whole door seemed about to fall when—bang! bang! came two reports from Lina's pistol, and a couple of bullets crashed through the pannels, and the besiegers paused abruptly.

"Go away instantly," called the girl's clear voice, "or I will fire again."

"One more rush, mate, and we are in," yelled the gruff voice outside.

What followed was wild tumult and confusion; the crash of breaking panels and bolts, the fall of the door and the furniture Lina had piled against it, shot after shot from Lina's pistol, a yell of pain and rage from both of them. The door was down. One of the men was in the room. Lina had fired her last shot, and, running to the bed, snatched Aunt Margaret's pistol and turned to face the enemy. Suddenly came a wild shriek from Parkins. Then a voice calling, "Lina, Lina! I am coming," and Sir Robert De Rossett hurled himself boldly upon the ruffian outside the door, prostrated him, and sprang into the room over his body. And this is what he saw: Madeline Leigh, the "little coward," with blazing eyes and scarlet cheeks, and a pistol in her hand, standing unflinchingly between Aunt Margaret and a burly ruffian; and Aunt Margaret herself, who had not turned in bed for a year, standing on her feet on the floor. Two seconds changed the aspect of affairs. After that the burglar sprawled senseless on the floor. Aunt Margaret sank back on her bed with a wild "Thank God!" and the little heroine of the scene lay in Sir Robert's arms in a dead faint.

"Oh, Robert, why didn't you come sooner!" she murmured, half an hour afterward when she opened her eyes and met his.

"Don't you know I came as soon as I found your note!" he said. "Leo went to my room, and I found him there when I left the drawingrooms after eleven o'clock."

"Where are those dreadful men!" Lina asked, raising her head dimly and looking around with a shudder.

"Never mind them, dear. They were taken by the men who followed me. My brave little darling! What a heroine you are!"

Two months later when Parkins and the men were brought to trial, Aunt Margaret walked into the witness-box, and gave her testimony with grim directness and self-possession. Lina gave her's with much trembling and some tears; but she looked intensely lovely, and no one wondered that Sir Robbert was going to marry her.

The crowd around the door gave her three cheers as she left the court-room, walking between Sir Robert and his mother, and three more for Sir Robert, and then three more for Leo, who followed them.

And Aunt Margaret's wedding present to Lina was the thousand pounds and the diamonds that had been saved by the courage of "the little coward."

A SEA SERPENT THAT BARKED.

CHANGO FOUR TRUSTWORTHY PERSONS WHO SAW ITS BLACK MANE AND BIG HORNS.

Charles H. Pierce, Captain David E. Gimlet, H. E. Founce and William Vaughan, of Hartford, Conn., four young men who have been camping along the shores of the ocean, relate the following exciting story of their journey across from New Bedford to Wing's Neck light: "We left New Bedford Aug 21, at 1 o'clock, p. m., in the yacht June, accompanied by our sailing master, Captain Walter Briggs. When two miles off the south end of Bird Island light at the entrance of Buzzard's bay, one of the company called our attention to a singular-looking object about half a mile ahead and some points off our port bow. Our captain called it a sea horse. Again he thought its movements in the water did not resemble those of any fish he had ever seen.

"We soon ascertained that whatever it was it was propelling itself at a fearful rate of speed through the water, and making almost a straight line for our little craft. When within a few hundred feet of us it seemed to raise its immense body, or neck, some ten feet out of the water, and, at the same time twenty feet in the rear, its tail was seen to rise up, and at times lash the water. All at once the fish or serpent vanished from sight. For over ten minutes we sailed along, and were near the black buoy not far distant from Wing's Neck light, when looking back, to our horror and dismay we observed the mysterious fish again making direct for our boat at a most rapid rate. When within twenty-five yards of our craft it partly disappeared but in an instant was seen to shoot out of the water with a sort of humming or hissing sound, and with a distant bark like that of a dog. Then it dove again and was lost to sight. The length of this mysterious fish was about twenty-five or more feet. Its body was about two feet in circumference, decreasing regularly toward the point of the tail, when it seemed but the size of a child's wrist. Its color was a dark gray, but resembling that of the back of a crocodile. The belly was a bright yellow, with dark red spots scattered here and there, while its tail was covered with short, thick black hair. The head resembled that of a bulldog. Great flat ears were distinctly seen on either side of its ugly jaws, while two extremely long feelers or horns protruded just over the ears. The eyes were sharp and fiery."

It is said that a similar creature was seen in the bay two years ago. The members of the party are all trustworthy persons, and vouch for the truth of the narrative.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE LINCOLN ASSASSINATION.

FUNERAL OF THE FIVE CONSPIRATORS AFTER THEIR EXECUTION.

As a newspaper correspondent I had occasion to visit the old Capitol Prison in Washington in February 1869, to witness the exhumation and rendition to their respective relatives and friends of the remains of the conspirators in the Lincoln assassination. President Johnson was about to go out of office, and he issued an order permitting christian burial to the bodies of the five persons implicated in the death of Lincoln—Booth, Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Payne and Harold. They had been buried in ammunition boxes of common pine wood, six feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep. When the lid was lifted from Booth's coffin his face was perfect, with the exception of a small hole about the size of a dime in each cheek. His hair was in as good condition as if he had just come out of a barber's shop. In taking out the body to place it in a handsome rosewood coffin supplied by the mother, Mrs. Booth, of Baltimore, the head dropped off from the body. Not so with Mrs. Surratt. Her face and form were perfect, and she looked like one in a happy, dreamless sleep. Her head adhered to the body in the process of transfer. Payne's body was greatly wasted. Atzerodt's was the worst of all, for when the army blanket that covered his remains was lifted up it revealed a shapeless mass of blackened bones and sinew, with a bald and separated skull in one corner.—*Boston Transcript.*

SOME FEARFUL FIGURES.

HOW MUCH A GEORGIA MAN CAN DRINK AND SMOKE IN EIGHT YEARS.

"That is a finely colored pipe," remarked a reporter of the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* to a well known gentleman of Macon, the other day, as he sat on the curbstone at one of our hotels, puffing wreaths of smoke from a well browned meerschaum.

"Yes," he replied, "and it has cost me about $500 to give it that color."

"How so?"

"Well, I kept a faithful account for eight years of all my expenditures, and as I have not always been what you might call an upright moral man, the account is a fearful one."

We know the methodical habits of this bachelor, and hence were not surprised at his statement. In addition to the itemizing of his expenses, he had kept a full journal of his doings, and could tell how many headaches, how many days' sickness, how many times drunk; and thus it was an easy task to jot down at the end of the day how much whisky he had drank or how many ounces of tobacco he had smoked. No old maid is more precise or systematic than he.

"I stopped drinking two years ago, but have continued to smoke. And up to the time I set up on whisky, I found that I had smoked up 400 pounds of tobacco in this pipe. I smoked one pound a week, and, at times, when troubled with neuralgia, I smoked four ounces a day, which was a pound and a quarter a week."

"What did the tobacco cost you?"

"Ten years ago Durham was shipping his tobacco in barrels instead of bags, as at present, and I paid $1 per pound to 75 cents, and then 60 cents, but, averaging the price at 75 cents, the 400 pounds cost $300 for the eight years, or $37.50 per year."

"How much whisky did you drink in the eight years?"

"Sixteen barrels. I drank a quart per day. I was paying $12 per week at a certain hotel in Florida, and the barkeeper has boasted on several occasions that for many and many a week I paid him $4 per day for whisky, ginger, brandy, etc., which makes, with board, just $40 per week! Now, 16 barrels at $100 per barrel is just $1,600, but that does not cover the cost to me, as I paid 25 cents a drink for lots of it. I calculate that my whisky for the eight years cost me fully $2,000, if not more."

The nervous system of this gentleman does not seem to have been impaired by this excessive use of tobacco and liquor. He holds that but few men could stand it, and when his hands commence to tremble, he will cease to smoke.

All Sorts.

A dealer in wool advertises Chinese curiosities for sale. He has a shed full of chopped sticks.—*Hawkeye.*

A man in London recently eloped with his mother-in-law. Fear often brings into subjection the lowest animals.

When worms infest flower pots they may be driven out by mixing an ounce of ammonia in a gallon of water and sprinkling it over the earth.

The Horseshoe falls of Niagara have entirely lost the shape which gave them the name, and present now the exact outline of the letter V.

A man seven feet seven inches in height committed suicide in New York the other day. This is certainly a remarkable case, for, as a rule, a man does not kill himself unless he is rather short.

An old church at West Point, Va., has been converted into an oyster packing establishment. It is suspected that the proprietors once attended a festival in that edifice and experienced so much difficulty in securing a bivalve that they have taken this method of securing their revenge.—*Ex.*

He sat at her feet in quiet peace. He looked into her face and said softly: Ah, dear, I could sit here forever." "Could you, love?" answered she. "Yes, sweet." "You are right sure you could, darling?" "I know it, my own." "Very well, then, you sit there; for I have an engagement to go out with young Fitzpoonser, and I won't be back this evening. Turn out the gas and fasten the night-latch when you go away."—*Steubenville Herald.*

"What sort of a servant have you now?" inquired a lady of a friend she was visiting. "Oh, splendid!" she replied. "He's a Chinaman, and is so methodical in his habits that I know just what he is doing at any hour in the day. He is now probably putting away the dishes and tiding up the kitchen. "Come and see if I'm right." She led the way to the kitchen, quietly opened the door and there, in the middle of the floor, sat John Chinaman washing his feet in a dish-pan.

Gunpowder Smokers.

A grocer in Jersey county, Ill., was annoyed by loungers, who filled their pipes from a box of loose tobacco without paying, and he mixed some gunpowder with the weed. The next free smoker lost an eye by the explosion. He got a verdict of $1,000 for damages, and on appeal the judgment was sustained.

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In disposing of that weak stomach, bilious complaint, that sick headache, and coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, prostration, dullness that mark the confirmed dyspeptic, we can tell you of a remedy, Parmelee's Dyspepsia Compound. It is no doubt the most successful cure for Dyspepsia ever known, otherwise we would not guarantee it. Price per bottle $1; samples 15 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

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That scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, boils, pimples, ulcers and all humors of the skin can be permanently cured by the use of Parmelee's Great Blood Purifier. These diseases arise from an impure and disordered state of the blood. If after a fair trial has been given, no relief is experienced, return the empty bottle and we will refund the money. Price $1 per bottle; samples bottles 15 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

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WELLSBOROUGH, Penn'a, Feb'y 28, 1878.

All persons are hereby cautioned against going upon the coaled lands of this estate without proper authority therefor. All trespassers found guilty upon the lands of the estate, by any person, for any purpose, will make such person or persons liable to prosecution for trespass.

Persons who have bought or leased lands of this estate have deeds, contracts, or leases. The deeds give exact descriptions of the lands to which they refer, and the contracts and leases have on them drafts by which their lands have been surveyed. All claims to rights or privileges on lands of this estate, unaccompanied by such evidences, are without foundation, and will not be recognized.

ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

MAM 1f

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., August 24, 1882.

H. F. BARBOUR, Editor.

OUR CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

GEN. JAMES A. BEAVER

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
GENERAL JAMES A. BEAVER
of Centre Co.

For Lieut. Governor,
W. T. DAVIES,
of Bradford County.

For Supreme Judge,
WILLIAM HENRY RAWLE,
of Philadelphia.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
JOHN M. GREER,
of Butler.

For Congressman at Large,
MARRIOT BROZIUS,
of Lancaster.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

CONGRESSIONAL.

For Congress,
WALLACE W. BROWN,
of Bradford City.

JUDICIARY

For Additional Law Judge,
N. B. SMILEY,
of Bradford City

For Assembly,
DAVID STERRETT,
of Smethport.

For Jury Commissioner,
E. F. CLARK,
of Bradford Township.

THE State Firemen's Convention at Bradford next month will be the event of the year for that city. Thousands of people will take advantage of the occasion to visit the Oil Metropolis.

THE National Prohibitionists have met in convention in Chicago and adopted a platform abolishing all the sins that trouble weak humanity. They prohibit from their councils any and all who confess to any affiliation with either of the old parties. They evidently mean to cut a clean swath as far as they go.

OUR Democratic friends would like nothing better than to see Gen. Beaver traveling over the State wasting his time in "discussing" emptiness with the glib tongued Independent candidate. The Democrats could then lay over and haul in the votes while the other fellows were talking at each other. We hardly think the scheme to draw Gen. Beaver into a trap of that kind will succeed.

IT is reported that the Democratic leaders of the county are trying to persuade C. C. Melvin, of Bradford, to consent to the use of his name as candidate for member of Assembly. Realizing the fact that Mr. Sterrett will prove a hard man to beat they deem it incumbent upon themselves to trot out their strongest man against him, and Mr. Melvin seems to be the only man of enough strength to insure a respectable opposition. Yet he has been twice beaten on the county ticket and possibly may object to being made a victim a third time.

THE reported statement of chairman Cooper that a canvass of the G. A. R. indicated that a large majority of the members of that body would vote for Beaver, seems very distasteful to some of the democratic members of that organization, and some of them have rushed into print about it. In the first place we do not believe Mr. Cooper ever said anything to indicate that a "canvass" had been made of the G. A. R. or any other organization. He has a perfect right to express his opinion as to how it is probable the majority of the members might be disposed to vote, and the opinion that the majority will vote for Beaver is undoubtedly not far out of the way. While it is certainly not a political organization, the individual members are entitled to their political opinions and preferences, and it is assuming very little in chairman Cooper or any one else to say that an organization of old soldiers would naturally give their votes to an honest, brave and battle scarred hero like Gen. James A. Beaver—by a large majority.

Blaine Not a Candidate.

In a conversation on the cars a night or two ago, the Hon. Jas. G. Blaine said to a friend: "As I feel now, nothing would induce me to enter into a contest for any public position. I went into public life with General Garfield. We were associated, together, and were warm personal and political friends from that time forth. I entered his Cabinet from the Senate to identify myself with his administration. I was in full harmony with his views, and his death seemed to complete the era in American politics to which we both belonged. I have no regrets nor any revenges to satisfy. I have thousands of warm friends whose esteem and regard are of priceless value to me. It will be my pleasure to serve them. I am content with the past, and I find the greatest pleasure in the pursuit of my private affairs. I am ardently a Republican, and shall take an active interest in public affairs as long as I live, but as I feel now I could not enter any contest for any public position.

The Pennsylvania Canvass.

The Pennsylvania canvass continues to attract the attention of the whole country, although the matter is not so generally discussed by the press now as it was a few weeks ago.

The several stages of politics through which the state has passed the last six months have been the theme of earnest comment on one side or the other by the papers of every state and territory in the union. The question as to a new convention was perhaps more widely debated than almost any state issue which has arisen in years. But, despite all the hopes and admonitions touching that exigent question, the opportune moment came and went, and no such compromise was effected. There now seems no likelihood that any adjustment of republican difficulties as to a new convention will not be reached before the election. With this strong probability in view the republicans of Pennsylvania will be called upon to pass judgment upon a very important issue—whether the state is to be kept republican or turned over to the democracy. There can be no half-way ground in the case. The election next November will decide positively and radically one way or the other. Not only will there be no half way about the case, the officers elected will serve out their term and no change can come except in the due course of time. If Pennsylvania goes democratic, the democrats will run the state on the methods so well known to their party, and the expectation, if any such exists that Mr. Pattison, if elected, would be better than his party is vain and delusive. The next governor will come into office just in time to bring his moral and political influence to bear upon the presidential campaign of 1884. In the hands of his party, if chosen to the gubernatorial office, Mr. Pattison would be as clay in the hands of the potter, and whatever his party wanted done to corrupt the politics of the state, to prostitute the patronage of the commonwealth to partisan and democratic ends would be done, and every body knows it. It would seem as though it would be impossible to wrench the old keystone state from its time honored place in a republican arch, in a presidential year, but that a tremendous effort would be made to do so, if the republicans permit it to fall into democratic hands this fall, it were useless to deny. In 1876 a powerful effort was made in Vermont to reduce the republican majority, simply for the moral effect it would have. Now, if Mr. Pattison is elected, the chances are that the democrats would carry the legislature, make important gains of congressmen and finally capture a United States senator. To suppose, then, that with the vantage ground of the state government on their side and the other gains to which we have alluded, the democrats would not begin the work of trying to carry the state in '84, and push it with all their reckless and unscrupulous vigor is to suppose a very unnatural thing, and one which the record of the democratic party does not warrant.

But the best interest of the people and of the taxpayers of Pennsylvania, we believe, require the continuance of republican administration. We are confident and positive that, on the sole question, if left to all the voters, whether a change should be made from republican to democratic administration, there would be a very large majority in favor of the former. This being so and we doubt whether any intelligent man would dispute it the wish of the people and the good of the people, they themselves being judges, are on the side of the republican ticket. And the democrats do not hope for success because the people desire such a change, but simply because they think an irreparable breach has occured in the republican ranks.

Now, will the republicans of Pennsylvania permit the democrats to steal into large and long continued power in this way? We trust not. *Elmira Advertiser.*

THE Democrats charge that the Grand Army of the Republic is being worked in the interest of General Beaver. The Democrat who makes that assertion simply confesses that he is not a member of the Grand Army or he would know that the Grand Army society is not political, and that no member of the organization would broach politics at one of its gatherings. There is, however, a good deal of similarity between the Grand Army and General Beaver. They both fought bravely for the Union, and it would not be singular if they should sympathize with each other. Suppose they do. What right have the Democrats to complain? Men who have had the courage and patriotism to fight side by side for the same cause have a right to vote as they please, without being subject to the impertinent criticism of the Democratic press or the leaders of the Democrat party. The Grand Army once saved the Nation on the field of battle, and each and every man of them not only has the right of voting for whom he pleases, but will exercise it as fiercely and bravely as he defended the Nation in its time of peril.

THE Philadelphia *Times* says: "Among the surprising changes of politics is that of Mr. Caven who supports the regular Republican ticket this year. He clearly sees that the reform principles for which he has contended is not represented in the Independent movement, nor yet in the candidacy of Mr. Pattison. Mr. Caven is a clear-headed man, and perceives that the regular Republican convention represented the real majority of the Republican party. He also is aware of the fact that the Independent ticket is far weaker than that of Wolfe last year. Hence he proposes, both from principle and policy, to stand up for the regular ticket. His attitude will be that of thousands who have quietly looked into matters and see how little there is in the claims of the Independents."

THE recent session of Congress made provision for the appointment of something over 1,500 additional clerks in the various departments in this city, most of them for the adjudication and settlement of pension claims.

BOURBONISM, says the Louisville *Commercial*, is fated to suffer. In all the Southern States the revolt is open, and in several the war against prejudice and prescription is hopefully strong.

THE New York *Tribune* watches Pennsylvania politics with becoming intelligence and discernment, but is entirely oblivious to the present very interesting situation in its own State.

A Significant Acknowledgment.

Mr. James H. Hopkins, of Pittsburgh, and recently an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, has been sojourning at White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, where Democratic politicians with rebel sympathizers "do most congregate" in the summer. While enjoying the health giving baths and delightful Southern society of that popular resort, Mr. Hopkins had himself interviewed by a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, the chief Democratic newspaper of Maryland, of which State Pattison, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, is a native. Mr. Hopkins doesn't tell as much of Mr. Pattison, and, in fact, deals chiefly in glittering generalities, and only enters into details when he attempts to approximate the strength of the several State tickets now in the field in Pennsylvania, concerning which he is reported to have said

"I place Stewart's vote at 100,000; the prohibition ticket will receive from 12,000 to 15,000 votes; the labor vote will depend largely upon whether or not the labor troubles continue until the election, and to that extent will affect the estimate upon the two leading tickets but I think Mr. Armstrong will poll 30,000 or 40,000 votes. General Beaver, the Cameron Republican candidate, will poll 275,000 votes, and Mr. Pattison's vote may safely be placed at 300,000. These estimates are based upon a full vote, which we are very likely to have, as, in addition to the State officers, we will elect Congressmen, members of the State Legislature and many county officers."

Which seems to be a significant admission on the part of Mr. Hopkins of the utter weakness of the Democracy as will be observed by a careful and candid analysis of the vote of Pennsylvania as compared with Mr. Hopkins' statement. The aggregate vote in 1881 "ran off year," was 594,233 that of 1880, the Presidential contest, 824,783. According to former Gubernatorial contests, when compared with that of the previous vote for President, the aggregate vote in Pennsylvania for 1882 should be about 830,000, or, to give a still lower estimate, say 800,000, which will leave some 70,000 votes unaccounted for. Conceding that the Democratic candidate will receive 300,000 votes, he will be sadly in the minority, and Mr. Hopkins in his arithmetic has furnished us a admirable fact the defeat of his party in November next.

Again, as compared with the aggregate vote of 1881 Mr. Hopkins claims a gain for the Democracy of 40,000, for the malcontents or Independents, 50,000, for the Greenback or Labor party, 35,000, and for the Temperance ticket, 10,000. Give his party all the votes he claims, there will be 100,000 votes unaccounted for, and of these, three fourths will be given to the Republican standard bearer, which will make the Republican vote 350,000—a handsome plurality. We do not profess "to be much on figures," but "truthful James" has revealed to us the weakness and hopelessness of the boasted opposition to the great National party of progress, and has demonstrated that victory will as it has for almost a quarter of a century, be vouchsafed to the Republican phalanx in 1882. *Harrisburg Telegraph.*

THE political course of that formerly very much esteemed cotemporary, the Wellsboro *Agitator*, has long been a puzzle to us with many others of its readers. A correspondent of the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* thus expresses himself upon the subject:

Strange as it may seem this grand old Republican county has now no Republican paper. The bi headed, two in ket straddle the fence organ at this place fostered into life and position by the Republican party is now its worst enemy. It lacks courage to come squarely out and be an Independent, but, like the wolf hidden in sheep's clothing, is doing all the injury possible to the cause. Claiming to be a Republican paper, it is persistently sowing the seeds of discord and exerting an influence upon Republican politics more damaging than all the Democratic papers in this congressional district. Its columns are open to all the attacks of the Independents, and it seeks and quotes with a keen relish every unkind criticism upon the Republican party and its nominees. The practical result of its teachings are far worse than if it was an out and out Independent, for then its purposes would be known and appreciated. Its editor in chief is the chairman of the Republican county committee, and as such has recently issued a call for a county nominating convention. Over this call he places the Republican state ticket, and the Independent state ticket side by side and heads them "Republican state nominations." In the call for this county convention, all are invited to vote at the primaries who "will pledge themselves" to support the Republican "tickets at the November election," thus assuming that there are two Republican tickets in the field. The regular Republicans are tied to the Independents, whether they wish to be or not. Some of the candidates for nomination, and notably the two who are running for the legislature, have openly announced their adherence to the Independents and yet by public notice, subject themselves "to the decision of the Republican voters at the primary elections." Thus this paper, and this chairman seem to be running the Independent state ticket and the county Republican ticket, but the Republican party is actually run in the interests of the Independent party. The Independents claim to have an organization of their own in the State, and to be separate and apart from the Republicans. They are acting as a distinct and separate party, holding their own conventions, making their own nominations, and recognizing the Republicans as a party different from theirs, and yet in this county, the Republican county committee seem to invite the Independents, and the candidates assume to use the Republican organization for their own purposes. This is a queer state of affairs, and the question of interest is, by what authority does the chairman turn over the party to the Independents, or in any way amalgamate with them? Certainly not by any delegated authority. Is it bossism? Is it a specimen of the "damnable politics" the Independent candidate for secretary of internal affairs writes about in his temperate article? The Independents boast that "their action may, and very likely will, defeat the Republican party in the state," and yet the Republican organ of this county is lending them its support and the chairman of the county committee is turning over to them the organization of the Republican party.

"THE Presidential bee," said Senator Harrison in his Indianapolis address, "is worse than the leprosy to its possessor. I never knew a man who had the slightest attack of it to be cured except by a six-foot hole in the ground."

THE Maine greenbackers do not wheel into line with the Fusionists. Solon Chase still maintains his straight-out Greenback organization and makes a manful but hopeless fight against amalgamation.

Right Party for Young Men.

Hundreds of young men yearly become eligible as voters and are honored by the will of the people, with duties and responsibilities of the franchise. It becomes then not only a matter of sound policy, but of vital importance to the young man that the claims of the various parties be brought clearly before him and candidly canvassed. The position a young man takes at first may determine the course of his life. Many youths with more than ordinary ability, have often to view the political drama from the back seats or the door because they have either neglected to inform themselves properly, or have lacked energy to emancipate themselves from distasteful entanglements. No party in history has less to conceal and more of which to be proud than the Republican party, and in entering this year's contest in Pennsylvania, a contest which must end in the victory of either the Regular Republican or Democratic ticket, as the Independents have no possible chance, every Independent vote being only a sort of sneaking sanction of Democracy, we will, in a few words, advance the claims of the Republican party to the confidence of every young man who is about to vote.

The Republican party was born of the national need; it did not grow like Jonah's gourd in a night, but struck deep into the hearts of true and honorable men before it was known as an organization. It was a protest against the arrogant spirit of slavery and the low and degrading outcome of Jackonianism, which made the public service a mere swill trough and the best political philosophy getting as much swill in the Democratic end as possible. It gave to the country as its primal President a man simple hearted and true, a man of the people with the royal grace of moral worth about him. When scarcely seated in the high place of power it was called upon to meet forced issues, which ripened into the most awful war of modern times. It sunk the ship of slavery so deep beneath a tide of heroic blue that all the mechanisms of all the ages can never again resurrect it. It reached its hand across the grave of friend and foe alike, and because of common blood and because of common history and in the great name of national unity it sent peace where it might have hurled desolation. Reconstruction was born of its superb magnanimity, its humanity gave the black man the ballot and swore to protect him in its usage, and that he might be the more worthy of it, the party has lent its magnificent energies to educate him. In spite of a colossal debt that would have even staggered the most stable European government, with France knocking at the door of Mexico and England sore and sullen on the sea, the Republican party has steered the ship of state into smooth and level water. It has given to every brown handed son of toil, the head of a family in America, right of ownership in the national land. It has protected his labor from foreign competition and made a happy and contented life possible for him. Never was enemy so generous, never friend more true. It has starred the nation's history with glorious names, hosts of heroes of fulfilled renown. Its policy has been lofty as the nations ambition and deep as its need. Young men, such is the party which General Beaver and the nominees on the regular ticket represent. They were nominated by a popular convention legally selected, and perfectly untrammeled in its choice, composed of men whom no sane person could possibly suspect of weak subservience, and they command not only the respect but the loyal attachment of all honest Republicans. Remember that the ballot box is the art of the nation's covenant with the God of Liberty, and he who deposits a ballot he cannot conscientiously endorse is as much a traitor to the best interests of his country as Benedict Arnold when he bartered West Point for British gold. The Democratic party is deceitful Delilah not even skillfully painted, and as for the Independents we beg of you to keep before your eyes the disastrous fate of the many aeronauts whose balloons lacking ballast and overcharged with gas have exploded in mid air causing their destruction.—*Gazette & Bulletin.*

Political Notes

The congressmen who voted to override the President's veto of the River and Harbor steal are realizing the fact that their constituents sustain the President and condemn the Senators and members who violated the constitution in order to get at the treasury.—*Auburn Advertiser.*

Alluding to the bulldozing letters of Whitelaw Reid and ex Senator Dorsey to President Garfield, the *N. Y. Herald* observes: "How many more such unconstitutional, secret and irresponsible advisers General Garfield had will probably never be known, but these two specimens give a curious glimpse into the hidden sufferings of a too accessible President."

President Arthur has had the firmness and self respect to what he thought right in spite of the pertinacious urgings of party leaders, as in the veto of the River and Harbor bill and in other instances, and though he has been the object of somewhat violent attacks by discontented or disappointed members of his party, he has rapidly grown in the confidence and esteem of the country. One probable reason for this is that he does not submit to the dictatorial demands of irresponsible and unconstitutional advisers.—*N. Y. Herald.*

George William Curtis discusses the passage of the River and Harbor steal in a very gingerly way in this week's *Harper's*. So many of his friends are incensed with that small pox (to quote a favorite expression of the Cincinnati Commercial in referring to the lamented Garfield)—that Mr. Curtis seems averse to taking up the subject with that energy which would have distinguished him if Cameron and Logan had voted for the great steal, and Miller, Hoar, Dawes, Sherman and the rest of the Half-Breed gang had voted against it. The fact that the Reformers went for the steal alters the case in Mr. Curtis's mind. Mr. Curtis can resort to as mean artifices with his readers as any editor we know of.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

JAY GOULD claims the distinction of having been defrauded by Governor Cornell. What a strange, pleasing reflection it must have been to him when light dawned on his beclouded intellect.

Still Waters not Always Deep.

The revolution which drove Louis Philippe from the throne of France was brought to a head in less than five hours, and had the most unexpected consequences. The soldiers had fired on the people and eighteen men were killed. These were laid on carts with their wounds exposed, and driven through the streets. No speeches were made, no meetings held, but Paris was roused to a pitch of frenzy and the king fled in disgrace to escape death. The Democratic press has openly and covertly sneered at General Beaver's crutches and thus brought upon it the contempt of those loyal men who cannot readily forget how those crutches were earned. Could the Republicans of Pennsylvania imitate the Parisians, and parade through the streets of the large cities and along the highways of this great state, the wounded and maimed of the late war, there is that responsive sense of justice in human nature which would prevent any loyal man voting for Pattison, and ensure that no person with the slightest taint of disloyalty should continue to hold office in Pennsylvania. The Democrats are unmistakably nervous about the effect of the General's wooden leg, and so take every opportunity of disparaging the service in which it was won. But not only Beaver's leg but his tongue also gives the Democrats a pang, and we hear a very great deal about the pure gold of silence, and some have dug up the antiquated maxim, "that a still tongue makes a wise head." Now, Pattison may keep just as still as he pleases. Silence is certainly for him the better part of wisdom. he might say awkward things, and be asked very awkward questions, but judging from the effect that the few speeches and the social conversation of General Beaver has had wherever he has appeared, we are decidedly of the opinion that he would be very foolish to be silent at the bidding of a few Democratic owls who find it best for their health to hoot at night time, and who delude themselves into the belief that looking wise is being wise. There is nothing so much admired in the world as ready wit and fluent speech, and persons not possessing these have always striven to bring discredit upon their possessors. We are certainly not responsible if the Democracy has nothing good to say of itself. Perhaps it has both wit and fluency but it is like Robespierre choked with blood and so cannot speak plainly. Again the responsibility is not ours. We are very thankful, however, that Providence has given these good gifts to our candidate and that he knows how to use them to such good purpose, and if the still tongue makes a wise head business suits his opponents, they are quite welcome to give it a fair trial. With regard to Stewart's proposal we are forcibly reminded of the story of the man who was selling oranges and crying his fruit in stentorian tones while a little chap with a basket full of oranges said "me too" between every pause, thus diverting a few pennies from those who admired the humor of the thing. But we do not believe in the "me too" business.

SENATOR LOGAN, of Illinois, in a recent interview said of Pennsylvania politics: "I don't recognize any leader as far as that state is concerned. I don't think the Republicans ought to follow any body, but I do think they ought to support the regular Republican ticket."

Too Much Coddling

Dr. Todd one of the most eloquent preachers in the city of Elmira, thinks that habitual drunkards have altogether too much coddling. He recently read an article on the subject before an ecclesiastical meeting in Connecticut in which he said: "I have heard a newly-reformed drunkard address a whole churchful of Christians and ministers who had all their lives been humble and consistently following Christ, and without the slightest apparent contrition or sense of having done anything wrong throw all the blame for his misfortunes upon the liquor-sellers who supplied him with drink and Christians whose apathy let him go on drinking, and as I listened and heard him, darkest and as sinful I was, I almost regretted that I was not a mere innocent drunkard, who only, of all true men, is without responsibility and devoid of guilt. The whole tendency of public opinion at the present day is to regard the man who controls his appetites and never drinks enough to disturb his brain as the sinner and villain *par excellence*. Even the totally abstinent poor man is not worthy of notice, and may toil and suffer without any one's caring much about him; but if he will only drink without restraint and make a beast of himself, and make his bed in the gutter, there is hope that he will be somebody and find rich friends and have a great deal done for him, and very likely become a famous public orator and have a crowd sit at his feet, and take a high place in heaven."

Valuable Remedy for a Painful Disease.

Parmelee's Pile Suppositories acts promptly in allaying all inflammation of the rectum, and by being easily dissolved, are readily absorbed into the system, healing the diseased irritated condition of those organs. They are convenient for self-application causing no unpleasantness, and affording such satisfactory results, that to any one afflicted with that painful disease, the Piles, they are invaluable. By direct application to the seat of disease, they are the most efficacious means of cure to be met, and are particularly useful in cases attended with rigid contraction of the sphincter ani. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use, and being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES.

School Books, Blank Books.

Stationery,

Fancy Goods.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT THE

DRUG AND BOOK STORE

—OF—

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

MARBLE FRONT

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDEVANT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING,
HAIR-CUTTING,
SHAMPOOING,

In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

Bath Rooms Attached.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

NEW

Meat and Vegetable

MARKET!

Having recently opened a meat and Vegetable market in

SMETHPORT!

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., always on hand.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES!

IN THEIR SEASON.

Highest market price paid for Hides.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, - - - Smethport, Pa.
26tf

How-When-Where-Why

HOW?

Put money in your purse and come to my store where you can buy goods cheap.

WHEN?

Any time.

WHERE?

At my store in Colegrove. I invite examination and inspection.

WHY?

That's the question. Why buy of me? Well, because in justice to yourselves, friends and families.

Goods are all Marked in Plain Figures.

I can sell you better Goods and Cheaper than any other dealer in this Valley.

C. M. COLEGROVE.

Colegrove, Pa. Sept. 26, 1881.6m.

SLAB WOOD!

HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH Will Pratt to deliver wood the present season, all persons needing any thing in this line can be accommodated with the article delivered at their door for the small sum of

60 Cents Per Cord!

Orders can be left with Mr. Pratt, or at Gibbs's new mill, which will receive prompt attention.

S. J. GIFFORD.

Smethport, March 29, 1882.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Grand Spring and Summer Opening

OF MRS. T. D. NASH'S

MILLINERY!

And other Goods, commencing Saturday, May 6, 1882.

The stock I am now opening is the LARGEST I HAVE EVER OFFERED at this season of the year, consisting of

SPRING & SUMMER MILLINERY & DRESS GOODS.

French and Roman Ginghams in Newest Styles, Black and Colored Cashmeres, Momie Cloths, Fashionable All-wool Buntings, Black and Colored Alpacas.

The BEST BARGAINS in the market in Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Sheetings, Denims, Pants, Duck and Cottonades, Crashes, Towels, Table Linens and Napkins.

Gentlemen's Laundried Shirts, Cuffs and Collars. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Neck Wear. Black and Cream Colored Spanish Laces and other popular Laces, Cretonnes, Lace Curtains.

New Styles Corsets, Summer Underwear. A Full Line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hosiery, Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread and Cotton Gloves.

Parasols, an extensive stock of Fans, Umbrellas, Ladies Fancy Work and French Baskets.

Buttons, Combs, and a full Line of Trimmings, also a full line of Notions.

Latest Styles in Dolmans, Sacques, Cloaks, at the Lowest possible price.

SILK DOLMANS A SPECIALTY.

MRS. T. D. NASH.

Smethport, May 3, 1882. 21-tf

SPELLING LESSON!

The following words with a thousand others too numerous to mention, are all easy to spell and the article represented by each word can always be found at Sprague's the Prime Hardware Store, and at a lower price (for the same quality of goods) than at any other place in the part of the State. No cutting of prices on articles which every one knows the price of, and then making up by charging three prices for articles you don't know the use of. I never learned to use the phrase, "Seeing it's you, you can have it for so much," &c. I will not be understood, "that don't you forget it."

Axes.	Dividers.	Ladders.	Saws.
Axles.	Inch rivets.	Latches.	Nails.
Augers.	Jig boxers.	Lanterns.	Screws.
Awls.	Jointers.	Levels.	Scythes.
Axle Grease.	Locust bolts.	Locks.	Shears.
Alabastine.	Kites.	Lifters.	Shovels.
Bitts.	Fishing tackle	Lemon squeezers.	Silverware.
Bells.	Faucets.	Mallets.	Skates.
Butts.	Forks.	Mattocks.	Spoons.
Bolts.	Freezers.	Matches.	Spurs.
Brace.	Fingers.	Measures.	Spades.
Brackets.	Gimlets.	Mops.	Sticks.
Brushes.	Glue.	Nails.	Sap spouts.
Burrs.	Grindstones.	Nuts.	Saws.
Butts	Gun rods.	Oils.	Toilet Ware.
Bird Cages.	Gauges.	Oilers.	Tacks.
Blacking.	Hatchets.	Openers.	Tacks.
Bed Cords.	Hoes.	Pegs.	Traps.
Hong Borers.	Hammers.	Pails.	Tinware.
Bitts.	Halters.	Tools.	Tools.
Bell Casters.	Handles.	Forks.	Trays.
Claws.	Hangers.	Planes.	Trowels.
Crow Bars.	Hasps.	Planks.	Tweezers.
Cartridges.	Hinges.	Plows.	Wooden ware.
Chains.	Hoes.	Pumps.	Willowware.
Catches.	Hooks.	Poppers.	Warmers.
Coffee Mills.	Hose pails.	Powder.	Whips.
Coolers.	Ice tools.	Pulleys.	Well Buckets.
Chisels.	Iron.	Points.	Wheelbarrows.
Cupboards.	Kettles.	Paints.	White Lead.
Cutlery.	Keys.	Rope.	Wrenches.
Curry Combs.	Knives.	Rakes.	Wringers.
Cleavers.	Knobs.	Razors.	Wool Twine.
Clothes Lines.	Ramps.	Rivets.	Wire Cloth
Copper Ware.	Lamp Shades.	Rules.	Window Glass.
Drop Sharps.	Lamp Chimneys.	Saws.	Zinc.

P. S.—I have one of the Best Tinners in the State.
M. A. Sprague.

H. W. RUBIN,

Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches.

—JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all manner of

ENGRAVING,

and such work as belongs to the trade.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

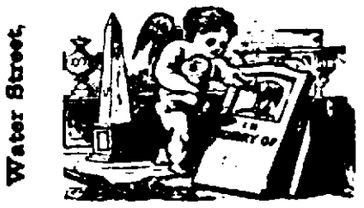
I have also on hand a fine assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

J. DIGEL'S MARBLE FACTORY,



Water Street, Smethport, Pa.

ALL KINDS OF

Monumental, Marble and Stone Work Done to Order

Rochester Business University

The Most Complete Commercial School in America.

There is no other in the country that is held in so high esteem by the better class of business men, that is patronized by so mature and cultivated a class of pupils, or that has so large a number of graduates in lucrative and honorable positions. Send for new catalogue.

L. L. WILLIAMS, President.
F. E. ROGERS, Secretary.

LIVERY

AND

Exchange Stables

F. O. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

Parties desiring single or double rigs for pleasure or business purposes can be furnished at any time with

Good Horses and Stylish Rigs

drive my customers. Pleasure, Fishing and Hunting parties carried to reasonable points.

F. M. BALL,

MANUFACTURER OF

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, ETC.

Blacksmithing, Repairing, and Horseshoeing Done.

ALL KINDS OF PAINTING NEATLY EXECUTED.

WATER ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch. We are constantly adding to our already well stocked Job Department all the latest styles of type and machines for doing fancy printing.

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., August 24, 1882.

Important Newspaper Decisions.

A postmaster is required to give notice by letter, returning a paper does not answer the law, when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reason for its not being taken, and a neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publishers for the payment.

Anyone who takes a paper from the post office whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publishers may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, if he takes it out of the post office. The law presumes upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia, evidence of intentional fraud.

HERE AND HEREABOUTS.

-Court week.

-B. S. Hoag, of Clermont, was in town on Sunday last.

-Hon. L. Emery, Jr., is returning to his native land.

—Those new coaches on the B. B. & K. road are a decided improvement.

-The salary of the postmaster at Ridgway has been raised from $1200 to $1300.

-The Elk county Democrats will hold their county convention on the 29th inst.

-Deputy Sheriff Barbour lodged one more unfortunate in the county bastile last night.

-Judge Williams presides with his usual dignity and impartial justice on the bench this week.

-Rev. R. D. Kenyon, of Allegany, will preach in the Baptist Church next Sunday at 10:30, a. m.

-Mr. Will Bouton has his house on Green street finished, and will take possession of it next week.

-The monthly pay roll of the B. N. Y. & Phila. R. R. and the McK. & B. branch aggregates $40,000.

W. B. Sirret, ex treasurer of Erie county, N. Y., was a welcome caller at the MINER office to-day. (Friday)

A town out west boasts of a young man who recently was cured for by the Poor Masters, now sporting a diamond ring.

The big bridge seems as much a curiosity as ever, judging by the number going there from this section last Sunday.

-Commissioner Palmer has returned from a three weeks trip to the east, and is again "on deck" in the Commissioner's office.

-The Smethport Hose Company led by the Smethport Cornet Band, presented a very fine appearance on parade last Tuesday evening.

—Forest county has instructed for John G. Hall for State Senate. The Democrats of that district could make no better selection.

—The members of the M. E. Church are fitting up a room in the basement of their edifice to be used for holding prayer meetings in.

-The Valley Point Agricultural Society will hold its fifteenth annual fair at Olba, N. Y., commencing Sept. 19, and will close Sept 23.

—Ervin Kerns had his watch taken from his pocket last Wednesday evening, by some "light-fingered" person, and as yet they have failed to return it to him.

-A recent gauge of Cherry Grove developed the fact that there were 120 wells, with a net daily production of 32,450 barrels, or an average of 243 to each well.

Over thirteen miles of track of the Coudersport & Port Allegany narrow gauge are built. It is predicted that the line will be opened by the middle of next month.

There are three hundred and forty-two patients in the State Insane Hospital at Warren, and an unnumbered host of "cranks" outside who ought to be there.

-The editor of the MINER returns his thanks to his friends of the press who have so kindly and cordially greeted his return to the journalistic honors. May their shadows never grow less.

-The Mahoopany well, on the northern limit of the defined Cherry Grove field, which has been reported dry, or a light producer, now opens up at the rate of a thousand barrels a day, and so it goes.

-The Republican county convention of Lycoming county will be held on the 30th inst. Nominations will be made for Congressman, State Senator, three members of the Legislature and Jury Commissioner.

—Bradford hotels have reduced the rates to visiting firemen at the coming State Convention to from one to two dollars per day. With the present price of beef and the known robust appetite of the average fireman, this is indeed generous.

The Warren *Mail* says that the oil boom is practically subsided in that town, and the editor expresses no regret because of it. Evidently Warren has no ambition to be known as a booming, red hot oil town, with all the accompaniments thereto.

Russia is said to have produced 4,500,000 barrels of petroleum last year. Why not ship a lot of the restless wild-catters who are making all the trouble here by opening up new fields to the land of the Czars? There's lots of room for them there.

Deputy Sheriff Barbour, formerly editor and proprietor of the Smethport *Miner*, has re-purchased the material, with what object we do not know.—Bradford Cor. Pittsburgh *Leader*.

Don't know, eh? Then let us inform you, sonny, that our "object" is the accumulation of wealth.

-Circulars are being sent out to soldiers in different sections of the country, by western parties, stating that for the sum of $10 one hundred and sixty acres of good land will be secured without the formality of occupying it for four years—less the time of service in the army, as provided by law. The land commissioner at Washington states that the law remains unchanged, and that the circulars are for the purpose of deception. Soldiers will, therefore take warning.

-Sheriff Wilcox, Miss Ida Wilcox, Miss Kilday and Miss Horton are stopping at the jail.

-W. O Congdon has filed his bond as tax collector of Keating township, and will soon present his duplicate to the tax payers of that township. The amount of the bond required by the Commissioners was $12,000.

-Frank Vickery, who has for several months been proprietor of the Benton House, at Larrabee, came up to attend the Firemen's Fair on Tuesday evening last. Frank reports business good, and is well pleased with his location.

—The Philadelphia *Record* says Lieutenant Governor Stone while away the hours of summer in rural pleasants on his sylvan retreat near Wastern. In the fall grand sport is anticipated by the crack shots, who accept invitations to the estate when the shooting season begins.

-Patrons of the B. B. & K. road will learn with regret that Ed Goss, the popular and indefatigable dealer in newspapers, bananas and California fresh-baked-double jointed-humpbacked peanuts is thinking of taking a similar position on the O. B. & W. extension. He will be missed.

-A correspondent of the Titusville *Herald* says the Bradford & Oil City air line narrow gauge railroad is an assured fact. It will run from Bradford, crossing the Philadelphia & Erie railroad at Tionn, a short distance east of Clarendon, thence up through the Cherry Grove oil district, and so on to Oil City.

We are informed by the Elk *Gazette* that C. B. Gould, of the Cameron *Press*, is about to dispose of his property in Emporium and remove to Franklinville, N. Y. We hope our veteran co-laborer will find the change profitable in every way—especially to his pocket. He has labored hard enough to have won a fortune in any other business.

-On Sunday morning at 3 o'clock, Andrew Perry, of Hamlin township, was awakened by footsteps around his house and on going out to ascertain the cause of so early a visitor, was shocked to see his barn in flames. The barn was a new and commodious one, filled with hay and farming implements all of which were consumed for the gratification of some low, contemptible incendiary.

-The Philadelphia *Record* reporter who penned the following must be slightly deranged, as it is impossible for us to either find the town or township in this county mentioned by him, and have not heard of any one committing suicide for some months in this section.

Thomas McFadden, a wealthy farmer living near Sylvania, Licking township, McKean county, suicided Saturday morning by hanging himself to a tree. He has twice been in the asylum, but was recently discharged, and it is supposed he again became deranged.

—The following account of a singular accident comes from Williamsport: "As the mail train on the Erie railroad was approaching Montgomery station a singular accident occurred. On the train was a Hungarian refugee named Abram Gensop, with his wife and three small children. One of these children aged about five years, was standing on a seat opposite an open window. As the train suddenly lurched from rounding a curve the child was shot out of the window. Seeing her child suddenly disappear, the mother rushed frantically to the platform and before she could be caught jumped off the car. The train was quickly stopped, and on going back the little boy was found by the side of the track apparently but slightly injured. The mother, however, had not fared so well. She landed on a pile of railroad ties and was badly cut about the head. She will recover, however."

Accident on the B. N. Y. & P.

A freight train was wrecked on the B. N. Y. & P. Railway below Holland on Monday evening. Fourteen cars were thrown from the track, and the lumber and coal with which they were laden scattered along the track. Fortunately no one was injured.

Hotel Change.

We are reliably informed that Mr. H. S. Sartwell, proprietor of the Rockwell House, has also rented the Grand Central and will take possession of the house in a few days. He will give exclusive attention to the management of the Grand Central, keeping the Rockwell House as an adjunct thereto, and thus in effect consolidating the two. This is a move in the right direction, and if any one can make it a success we are very sure Mr. Sartwell can.

Our Afflicted Sheriff.

Sheriff Wilcox is beginning to have reason to feel that he has more than his share of affliction. After being confined to his bed for weeks with rheumatism he had just began to walk about and enjoy life once more, when he was again doubled up last night and driven to his bed with a severe attack of cholera morbus. We are glad to say that he is much better to-day, and hopes to be out again in a day or two.

McKean County Agricultural Society.

The McKean County Agricultural Fair will be open at Port Allegany on the 19th of September, continuing three days. The management have decided not to have any horse racing, and the premiums will be given exclusively to competitors in agricultural and domestic products. It is hoped that there will not only be a large attendance but that there will be a generous rivalry on the part of citizens generally in competing for premiums.

A Good Stopping Place.

The weary traveler will never regret the necessity of stopping at the Benton House at Larrabee, under the new management. Mr. Vickery knows the wants of a good hotel and how to provide for the needs of his guests, and no one will regret committing himself into his hands. The house has been refurnished and refitted from top to bottom and will rank as equal in all its appointments with any country hotel in the state.

Great Closing-Out Sale.

The stock in the store formerly occupied by C. S. King of Smethport, will positively be closed out in lots to suit the purchaser for the next 30 days. The business will be discontinued. These goods MUST be sold. Now is the time to buy cheap, regardless of cost. Call and see and you will be convinced.

The Hose Fair and Dance.

While towns of larger proportions can revel in Firemen's Conventions, with imposing parades and tournaments, we record with no less pride and satisfaction the success of the Smethport Hose Company's fair and dance, which has been the event of the week in this borough.

The project has been in contemplation for some weeks and the boys have spared no pains to make it a success, and we are pleased to note have been liberally rewarded. Kittredge Opera House was engaged for the occasion and the large audience room furnishing ample space for any number to dance who might desire. The stage was supplied with refreshment tables loaded with all the delicacies of the season. The floral decorations were particularly noticeable, for which the boys feel especially indebted to the generosity and good taste of Mrs. Dr. Freeman, Mrs. Kate Taylor, Mrs. Frank Vickery and Mrs. Fred Johnson.

The musical entertainment given the last evening by Messrs. H. L. McCoy and Will Burdick and the Misses Mary and Emma Hamlin was very much enjoyed by all.

The good order and perfect decorum maintained throughout speaks well for the management, the patrons and the material of which the hose company is composed.

A prominent feature of the closing evening of the entertainment was a competition for three prizes, a silver ice pitcher, an individual castor and a pair of elegent opera glasses. Mr. H. B. Hamlin was the winner of the pitcher, Miss Carrie Hamlin, the castor, and Mr. W. P. Walsh, the opera glasses. The proceeds of the fair will be about $425, the expenses about $125, leaving about $300, which will very much relieve the company of the burden of expense of procuring uniforms, and otherwise placing it in good trim to present a creditable appearance in line with any company in the state.

Starved to Death.

Some time ago a young man by name of Merrit J. Lyon, brother of Ed Lyon, of Indian Creek was employed hereabouts by the United Pipe Lines, and while working for that company became deranged. He was taken to the North Warren Asylum, and after being confined there for a time refused to eat, saying that his system did not require food. Last week Thursday he died, it is said from starvation, but his friends here did not learn the sad news until Monday evening, the message having been detained at some point. The remains were taken through here Tuesday, to Coudersport, where they were interred. They were in charge of W. H. Dodd. *Eldred Eagle*.

CAPARR

The Potter *Enterprise* says "Last Sunday contractor Blakeslee put down three-fourths of a mile of iron on the Coudersport & Port Allegany Railroad. It is expected that the rails will be down to the state road bridge Wednesday, six miles from Coudersport.

Next Sunday will bring them to the bridge at the foot of Taggart dugway, a little over two miles from this place. All the culverts are in below the bridge, and gangs of men are distributing the ties. Piles are now being driven for the bridge. A dozen or more of the piles delivered for the bridge have been rejected and new ones will have to be procured, which may delay the bridge a little. It is expected, however, that it will be ready for the timbers by Sunday night. From three to four days will be required to erect the bridge and put it in shape for the running of trains.

Two weeks from Wednesday with favorable weather, and no mishaps, ought to put the construction train into Coudersport. Even now the whistle of the engine can be heard here, if the wind happens to be blowing up the valley at the time.

The depot at this place is being lathed and plastered. That artist of the trowel Horton, is doing the job in good order.

Dan Vanwegan has taken the contract for erecting an engine house, a little south of the depot, 32 x 50 feet, 14 foot walls and roof to be packed in tan bark.

An Uncomfortable Memento

The Buffalo *Courier* relates the following singular incident: On the night of April 21st, 1861, William R. Langford, a sailor on board the United States man of war Cumberland, which was stationed at Fortress Monroe, Va., was ordered to picket duty. When the picket boat was near the fort it was fired upon and Langford was struck in the right shoulder. He was taken back to the ship and the wound dressed, the attending physician declaring that he could not find the ball. The ball had entered the fleshy part of the shoulder, just grazing the bone, and after the flesh had healed gave Langford no further trouble. Lately, however, he has had pains in the back and a few weeks ago a swelling began to appear in the right lumbar region. It grew worse and was poulticed several times. On Sunday morning, July 31st, Mrs. Langford made an incision with a pen-knife. Seeing what appeared to be a dark, hard substance, she cut further and presently a bullet dropped out into her hand. Langford at once felt relief and is now in good health again. The ball is a Minnie and weighs about an ounce. It still has some of the wrappings on it and is slightly flattened on one side. It is none the worse for its long sleep, and the man who carried it about in his body for twenty-one years values it highly.

New Grist Mill.

I have recently put my grist mill at Frisbee, in perfect order, and secured the services of a first class miller. All kinds of custom grinding will be promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed in every case. THOMAS FRISBEE.

26-4t.

The Fact of the Business

Is, that in Hamilton's Jamacia Ginger Tonic the people have found the most effectual remedy for colic, diarrhea, dysentery, cramps, cholera morbus, sour stomach, etc., ever offered to the public. This remedy is warranted to possess in a concentrated form all the properties of properties of pure Jamaica Ginger. It is active and efficient, and is sure to prove its necessity in every household by its high tonic properties, its harmlessness, and its prompt efficacy in removing all disorders of the stomach and bowels. Price 50 cts. per bottle; sample bottle 25 cts. Sold by A. E. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MINER

NEW YORK, August 21, 1882.

LONGEVITY IN AMERICA.

Nearly every day you may see in the *Sun's* death column, records of old age that are a standing evidence of the fact that people live longer in this country than many wise folks are willing to believe. Only a few ago, I clipped from the paper just named a catch of ten death notices which showed that the persons named therein had lived an average of 80 years and six months. The oldest in the list had completed his 103rd year. A few days ago there died in New Jersey a Mrs. Governeur Parker at the age of 92. She was the last of the race of Governeurs and was connected by birth and marriage with several families closely connected with the history of New York and New Jersey. Among her relatives were Commodore Kearney, General Warren, Cortlandt Parker and W. A. Whitehead, all men having made their mark and attained some kind of celebrity. She was laid to rest in a small cemetery on the New Jersey shore, and in that same cemetery are found the burial stones of many who lived over 75, 80 and even 90 years of age.

PEACHES.

Sixty four car loads of Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey peaches arrived here yesterday. A large proportion of them are splendid yellow Crawford's, that are now selling from $1 to $1 80 per basket at Washington Market. There is no danger now of a peach famine, nor is there any danger of a glut in the market, seeing that all the fruit is taken within an hour after it is unpacked. The season promises to be a good one and to last till September. Prices will begin to advance in a few days and the quality of fruit to improve.

TWO BLACKMAILERS

A bold attempt at blackmailing resulted in failure yesterday. On the day before, Mr. Mercadante, a fruit merchant, received an anonymous note demanding $500 as the price of the writer's silence in regard to certain horrible things not mentioned. "If the money is not paid to our messenger, who will hand you a pistol cartridge as a token he is from us, you will soon feel the keen blade of the *stiletto* in your heart." Mr. Mercadante was an Italian and the threatening letter was written in the language of his country. He treated the affair with unconcern, but before many hours had elapsed he received a call from a young Italian who bore another note and who silently delivered a pistol cartridge with it. Mr. Mercadante did not exhibit any emotion. "I have not that much money with me," he said, "but if you will come down to my office in Pearl street, this afternoon, I'll see what I can do." The young man was on hand, and as he entered the office a detective who had been employed quietly took him into custody. A companion in villainy was awaiting him outside, and he too was gathered in. If justice is meted out to these precious scamps, there will be soon an increase in the population of Sing Sing.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S MOVEMENT

There is no special Court Journal in New York, but no newspaper of any standing would be tolerated, now that the city is honored with the presence of the President, if it did not daily chronicle its every movement. From the columns of this morning's paper, I glean the following very interesting and important facts in regard to our distinguished visitor. "Yesterday the President remained secluded all day in his study. He spent the morning at Central Park and in the afternoon drove over to Brooklyn and dined with Henry C. Murphy. He was very reticent even to his most intimate friends. In a long conversation with Mayor Grace, he set forth at length his views in regard to the Star Route cases, and predicted that the Brooklyn Bridge would be opened to the public as soon as it should be found possible to complete it. He took a light lunch after which he had an interview with Secretary Frelinghuysen and Hugh Hastings. The President is remarkably well. He is suffering with catarrh and has a severe attack of dyspepsia. Although not confined to his room, he has not been able to go out for several days.

These are items carfully collated from the morning papers. They seem to be somewhat contradictory, but I have no doubt that in the main, they are correct.

NUGGETS.

The city is crowded with visitors. At many of the up town hotels, guests are accommodated with cots and shake-downs in the parlors.—A gentleman representing himself as from Mobile, amused himself and delighted a crowd of gamins in Bleecker street yesterday, by scattering a few hundred dollars worth of gold and silver coins among them. He was not molested—John M. Chew, 20 years old, a member of the senior class of Columbia College, a candidate for holy orders and a son of J. C. Chew, formerly financial agent for the State of Texas, lay on a bench at Central Park, Wednesday afternoon, face down, intently studying the movements of a colony of ants. A policeman, after much abuse, arrested the young student and as the courts were closed, he was locked up all night in a cell. Yesterday young Chew was discharged, but not until the officer, Driscoll by name, had proved himself a perjurer. Chew senior intends to make it warm for Driscoll. Students of natural history, in visiting Central Park should remember that the revised edition of the Scriptures according to the police contains some startling improvements upon the original King James'. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," now reads "keep away from the ant or I'll slug you."—A brigade of the Salvation Army was arrested yesterday for parading without a permit. Also for making the day hideous with their noise. Likewise for attracting a crowd and generally for making themselves ridiculous.—The mystery surrounding the many escapes from Riverhead jail has been solved by the finding of two false keys in the cell occupied by James Cash, an old and very pious prisoner. It has been proved that Cash made the keys and that whenever he wanted to enjoy a sensation, he released a prisoner. He never tried to release himself, no doubt entertaining a conscientious scruple against thus defeating justice.—Another fool was advertised to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge yesterday; but he had more sense than his friends gave him credit for. He didn't jump, but took a seat on a cross beam and "loafed and invited his soul" until sundown and then went home.—Mason, who, by the unfair ruling of the jury has just missed winning the First Prize in the international chess tournament in Vienna, is a New-Yorker.—The best checker player is a young man in Washington Market.—The man who can play the corner longest without taking breath and without noticing the unkind remarks of his neighbors, lives on 25th street. He is deaf, but toots like a trumpeter.

Visitors From the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F.

For some time back it has been known among the members of the fraternity of Odd Fellows that the officers of the Grand Lodge of the state would pay an official visit to this city not only to note the efficiency of the workings of Tuna Valley lodge and those in the vicinity, but also to exemplify the unwritten work and to harmonize any differences which might be found to exist. Yesterday was the day set and at 11:35 o'clock Past Grand Sire and Grand Sec'y James B. Nicholson and Grand Master Francis M. Rhea, of Philadelphia, put in an appearance. By reason of a misunderstanding as to the time of their arrival, it being supposed by the committee in charge that 1:30 p. m. was the hour instead of 11:35, the distinguished visitors alighted from the train with their ladies and without escort quietly wended their way to the St. James where the accidental discovery of their names upon the register gave the first clue to a misguided but well meaning committee that it was badly left. The order for carriages was countermanded, the button-hole bouquets and white gloves were silently and sadly laid away and an informal skirmish made upon the hotel, where the representatives of the order were found performing ablutions in blissful ignorance of any break in the local programme and who as soon as they could get the soap out of their eyes greeted the surprised committee men with a cordiality that quite restored their drooping spirits. After dinner an informal reception was held in the lodge room which was largely attended. Later in the afternoon the party took carriages and were driven about the city and shown as many attractions as their limited time would admit. In the evening the lodge room of the order, over the Opera House, was crowded almost to suffocation, large numbers from sister lodges being present to witness the interesting ceremonies. The business for which the grand officers came being accomplished, Grand Secretary Nicholson delivered a highly interesting and instructive address upon matters pertaining to Odd Fellowship, which was greeted with enthusiastic applause and for which a vote of thanks was tendered. After the lodge closed the entire body retired to M. Rothstein's Public Square Restaurant where an elegant collation was set out and which was fully enjoyed. The gentlemen and ladies leave this morning for Emporium where they stop on the same business to-night. The following list of visitors from other lodges were registered at the Hotel La Pierre:

Clermont—R. Buck, J. H. Tate, J. H. Wilson, Geo. Washam, Wm. Holt, George T. Brown, James Davidson, David Harkness, James Evans, James Hunter, J. A. Anderson, A. Brannon, W. Mason, H. Baxter, W. H. Johns, Smethport—W. H. Wrisenhall, H. F. Parker, M. N. Allen, C. H. Beckwith, J. F. Fox, A. R. Cory, A. T. Stranahan.
Big Bridge—G. W. Larsen.
Drake—J. K. McKenzie, G. A. Platt, J. M. Gaylord.
Alton—Mark Hardie.
Iowa—A. Sartwell.

At Mayer Rothstein's cosy and handsome restaurant on the Public Square covers were laid for 150 persons, the grand officers occupying the place of honor at the head of the room. The feast was most appetizing and the tables were beautifully decorated so that Mr. Rothstein and caterer Charley Hoffer were the blushing recipients of unlimited compliments.—*Era, Aug. 25.*

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

For sale by all dealers.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

E. DE V. VERMONT & CO.,
—PUBLISHERS, OF—
76 Chambers St., New York,
Acknowledged regular correspondents of 600 Newspapers in the United States and Canada, are now Prepared to send their

Private Financial LETTER.

FROM NEW YORK CITY,
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In the Metropolis.

HINTS AND POINTS

Furnished to Speculators concerning the probable rise or decline in Stocks. Also reliable advice to Investors and Capitalists concerning

SECURE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

NOTICE:—E. de V. Vermont & Co., not being connected directly or indirectly with any Stock Exchange or Banking business give their information and advice with full impartiality and without being influenced in the least by personal interest. Letter sent regularly by Monday's mail, in closed envelope, for THIRTEEN CONSECUTIVE WEEKS on the receipt of the sum of ONE DOLLAR sent to

E. DE V. VERMONT & CO., Pub's,
76 Chambers street, N. Y.

CUT THIS OUT!
AGENTS WANTED $15 to $40 PER WEEK.
We have stores in 18 leading Cities, from which our merchandise is supplied to consumers quickly. Our Factories and Principal Offices are at Erie, Pa. Send for our Note Catalogue and learn all particulars. Address

M. N. LOVELL & CO., Erie, Pa.

Apr. 4, 82-yr.

LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF A CERTAIN WRIT OF Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, city of Bradford, on Saturday, September 9, 1882, at 10 o'clock, a. m.:

All that certain leasehold estate, situate in Otto, township, McKean county, and state of Pennsylvania, being a part of the Wetmore farm, and bounded and described as follows: Three locations for oil wells on land purchased by M. C. Wetmore from A. A. Hopkins, 1 warrant 5434, in Otto township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, being a tract of about eighteen acres, upon which there are now eight completed wells, commonly called Wetmore & Bosley wells, all of which are fully described in lease dated January 10, 1880, from Octavia Wetmore and George M. Wetmore to H. E. Pickett, together with all machinery and fixtures the use, being used better, two engines, all tanks, all lines of pipe, all low oil casing, all feet of sucker rods, engine houses, derricks and all tools thereon, and all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of James Maher, at the suit of H. E. Pickett, use of A. & Bosley and M. C. Trost.

BROWN & ROBERTS,
Pl'ff's Attorneys.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., August 21, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE OF A CERTAIN WRIT OF Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County and to me directed, I shall expose to sale at Room No. 16, Oil Exchange, in city of Bradford, on Saturday, September 9, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain leasehold estate bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Situate in the township of Otto, county of McKean, and state of Pennsylvania, beginning at the south west corner of lot sold to Kemp, thence north 89 degrees, west thirty-one and forty-five one-hundredths (31 45-100) rods to a stake in south line of land now owned by Thompson, thence south 89½ degrees, east 31 45-100 rods to a stake in the northwest corner of Kemp & Co's land, thence south 2¾ degrees, west 80 96-100 rods to place of beginning, containing one half of the nine remaining five acres of land, together with the following mentioned building fixtures and appurtenances, to-wit: Two producing oil wells, two 100 barrel tanks, one 90-barrel tank, two 10-horse power engines, one 30-horse power boiler, and all the casing, tubing, gas, oil and steam pipe fittings and connections, and all other fixtures and appurtenances belonging to said wells and the said described leasehold, together with all and singular, the said leasehold estate, term of years, right of way, liberties, privileges and appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. I. Johnson and W. C. Hillman, at the suit of George A. Berry.

H. H. JACK, Pl'ff's Attorney.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 21, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, city of Bradford, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of September, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain piece of land situate in Bradford township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, being a part of Warrant No. 3498, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake at the southeast corner of a six-acre lot sold to Bowers & Kerten, marked No. 4 on their map of the Kennedy farm; thence north 89 3-100 rods to a Chalk Stone; thence north 2 1-100 rods; thence south 44 16-100 rods; thence southwesterly along Jackson Avenue 17 4-100 rods to the place of beginning, but a lot 5 on said map, containing five acres more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John W Beatty, at the suit of H. S Bailey.

CHAPMAN & MIX,
Pl'ff's Attorneys.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 21, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16 Oil Exchange in the city of Bradford, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of September, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain leasehold estate situate in Bradford township, McKean county, and State of Pennsylvania, being a part of the Quintuple tract or farm, and bounded and described as follows: Being lots Nos. 14, 15, 16, 25, 26 and 41 of the lands of the Quintuple Oil Company as mapped, surveyed and staked out by I. Corteu, surveyor, being same leasehold originally granted to J. S. Wilson by Quintuple Oil Company by contract dated Sept. 12, 1881, and recorded, together with all (4) oil wells situate thereon, together with all machinery and fixtures thereon, three bodies, five engines, all tanks, six strings of tubing, six strings of casing, two strings of sucker-rods, engine houses, derricks and all tools thereon, and all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. S. Wilson, at the suit of H. E. Austin and James Smith.

N. B. SMILEY,
Pl'ff's Attorney.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 21, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE of a certain writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, in city of Bradford, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of September, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

A lot or piece of ground situate in the city of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded on the north by land of Carew Bros.; east by Mechanic street; on the south by Barnard street, and on the west by land of said Carew Bros., with a two-story frame building, twenty-one feet front on Mechanic street and forty-six feet in depth, with an odd building currently described thereto attached, being forty feet in front and forty feet in depth and two-story thereon.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of S. J. Carew and H. Carew, as Carew Bros., and Michael Knight, owners, or reputed owners, and Carew Bros., contractors, at the suit of Wm Miller & Co.

HOTCHKISS, WOLF & GEORGE,
Pl'ffs Attorneys.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 21, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

BY VIRTUE of a certain writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale at room No. 16, Oil Exchange, in the city of Bradford, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of September, 1882, at 10 o'clock a. m.

All that certain hotel property and lot of ground situate in the city of Bradford, county of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, being forty feet front on Mechanic street and sixty feet on Bartoux street, in said city, county and State.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Isaac H. Carew and Edward J. Carew, doing business as Carew Bros., and M. Knight, owners, &c., and Carew Bros., contractors, at the suit of P. Wright & Co.

H. A. BERRY, Pl'ff's Atty.

Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Aug. 21, 1882. A. I. WILCOX, Sheriff.

Notice of Application for Pardon.

Notice is hereby given that on the third Tuesday being the 19th day of September, 1882, an application will be made to the Board of Pardons of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the pardon of John Bowers, convicted at the May sessions in McKean county, for obstructing a rail road, and sentenced to the Western Penitentiary for the term of seven years.

ALLEN & MORRISON,
Att'ys for Applicant.

25-2t

To Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received at Norwich post office for the building of a school house near Crosby station in Norwich township, until Saturday, the 26th day of August. Plans and specifications may be seen at my house.

URIAH GALLUP,
President School Board.

Norwich, Pa., Aug. 5, 1882.

Auditors' Report.

SCHOOL FUND of Keating township, for the year ending June 1st, 1882:

THOMAS HUSSEY, Treasurer:

	Dr.
To amount of receipts duplicate	$6,126 68
To am't in Treasury	920 09
To amount of State appropriation	697 17
To amount of interest refunded	7 67
To amount of assessed tax for '81-'82	3,500 00
Total	$12,251 61
	Cr.
By amount due from assessed tax	$ 1,500 00
By exonerations	4 50
By orders cancelled	3,500 73
By returned tax	12 25
By com. on $6,000 71 at 2 per cent.	73 60
By abatement on $346 at 5 per cent.	17 30
	5,108 38
By amount due fund	7,143 23
Total	$12,251 61
Resources in Treasurer's hands	$ 7,143 23
Balance from assessed tax	1,500 00
Total	$ 8,643 23

We, the Auditors of Keating township having examined the accounts of Thomas Hussey, School Treasurer, find them as stated above.

C. SMITH,
ALLEN GVIATT,
A. T. STRANAHAN,
} Auditors.

KEATING TOWNSHIP., Aug 11, 1882.—3t.

Auditor's Report.

For School year ending June 5th 1882. W. W. Brewer Treasurer of Norwich School District in account with School Fund.

	Dr.
To amount received of A. L. Ellis late School Treasurer	$ 772 86
To amount received from collector Dunbar	297 50
To amount State Appropriations	51 00
	$1122 36
	Cr.
By amount paid Teachers salary	$ 855 00
By paid Secretary of School Board	20 00
By paid Miscellaneous expenses	50 15
By Treasurers commission on $277.36 at 2 per cent.	17 54
Balance due Fund	222 67
	$1122 36

Attest.
J. D. OVIATT,
Town Clerk.

Wm. Hinemann,
Asa. Short,
W. B. Kinney,
} Aud.

BEATTY'S ORGANS $27 upto $900 PIANOS $125 upto $1,000 Sold on EASY PAYMENTS. Catalogue Free. Address BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

—AT—

D. C. YOUNG'S,

—Formerly WM. HASKILL'S, Backus Building.—

SMETHPORT, PA.

POSITIVE REDUCTIONS

—IN PRICES OF READY-MADE—

Clothing, - Dry Goods,

Notions, Etc.,

To make room for New Fall Goods, to which will be added a Large STOCK of GROCERIES and other Goods usually kept in a General Stock of Merchandise.

BARGAINS TO ALL.

Yours Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG.

W. T. CALLAR,
—DEALER IN—
DRUGS & MEDICINES!
TOILET ARTICLES,
Stationery, Etc., Etc.

—ALSO, PURE—
Wines & Liquors.

General Insurance Agency.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

W. T. CALLAR,
SMETHPORT, PA.

JEWELRY
of all descriptions.
SILVER-WARE
The Best Made.
POCKET CUTLERY
A Full Assortment.
SPECTACLES
AND
EYE-GLASSES!
TOYS,
And all Goods in my line for which I will DUPLICATE any REGULAR DEALERS Prices.
I Will match the
'ROCKFORD'
against the world for time and money.
All Kinds of
REPAIRING
a specialty, and all work WARRANTED.
Call and See us.
M. L. Armstrong,
MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

Thos. R. Frisbee,
GENERAL DEALER
—IN—
DRY-GOODS,
—AND—
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Flour, Feed, &c.

LUMBER & SHINGLES.

CORYVILLE,
McKEAN CO., PA.
March 29, 1882. 14-17.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Sale.

Sixty acres of nice land for farming purposes with about ten acres improved. Well watered and a good frame house on it. Will be sold cheap, on reasonable terms. Apply at once, to W. H. REED.

Farmers Valley, May 14, 1882. 20-tf

MEN WANTED—To Work on Salary.

WE ARE IN WANT OF A FEW MORE MEN of pluck, energy, and reliability, to sell our Nursery stock, both men and lady permanent employment at a good salary and have expenses paid by engaging with us. Parties here furnished on application. Address stating age, H. G. CLARK & CO., Nurserymen, GENEVA, N. Y.

SWEDISH INSECT POWDER KILLS
POTATO BUGS
And all Troublesome Vermin.

It will thoroughly exterminate Roaches, Ants, Bed bugs, Fleas, Lice, Tobacco and Cotton worms, Moth, etc. It is safe, sure, cleanly and cheap. It will not poison animals or fowls. Sample package by mail 25 cents, postpaid. Stamps taken. Circulars Free. Agents Wanted. Address

Jas. M. Johnston, 189 Smithfield St., PITTSBURGH, PA. 38-13m.

"LITTLE BRAD FAUNCE"
Has opened an establishment for the sale of Good and Pure
LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS,
at No. 173 Union Street, (Wright Block, near the N. Y. & P. Depot)
OLEAN, - N. Y.
Where he will be happy to meet his many friends and the public generally.
M. B. FAUNCE.

SENDING A TELEGRAM.

AN INEXPERIENCED TRAVELER'S LABORIOUS EFFORTS.

One man reached a long arm over the little crowd clustered at the operator's window and asked for a "blank telegraphic form," explaining that he "wished to send a telegraphic dispatch to his family." Now, when a man speaks of a "telegraphic dispatch" I always wake up and look at him, because the cumbersome title is all at utter variance with the spirit of the telegraph. It's too long. The use of it betrays the man who has little use for the telegraph. The more he uses the wire, the shorter his terms. The more nearly he can come to saying "msg" the more content he is. And he doesn't call it a "telegraphic form"; he asks for a "blank," black or red, as the case may be. And he never "telegraphs" anybody. He "wires" them. And he doesn't explain to the operator what he wants to do with the blank. Presumably he wants to write a message. And as for the matters referred to in that "msg" and the party for whom it is intended, the operator will know all that he wishes to know—and sometimes much more than you want him to know—soon enough.

So I watched this passenger write his "telegraphic dispatch." First he asked the operator: "What day of the month is this?" There was nothing unusual in that. All men ask that. It is the opening line in the regular formula of sending a "msg." You may know what date it is before entering the office; you may even have it impressed upon your mind by having a note fall due on that day; but the moment you poise your pencil over the blank, that date flies from your mind like the toothache from the dentist's stairway. So when the man asked "What day of the month is this?" I was not surprised. I courteously answered him, as a cover to approaching his position, but he did not believe me. He repeated his question and made the operator answer. Then I knew he was very new at it. He spoiled three blanks before he got a "telegraphical dispatch" written to suit him. But even that is not very uncommon. A man always usesstationery more extravagantly in another man's office than he does at home. Then he wrote every word in the body of the dispatch very carefully and distinctly, but scrambled hurriedly over the address as though everybody knew that as well as he did, and dashed off his own signature in a blind letter style, as though his name was as familiar to the operator as it was to his own family. But even this is not uncommon. A man will write "Cunningham" so that no expert under the skies will tell whether it was Covington or Carrington, or Cunmagen, or Carrenton, and when the operator points to it and asks, "What is this?" the writer will stare at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then answer: "Why, that's my name!" "Well, yes, I know that," the operator will say; "but what is your name?" Then the man will gasp for breath and catch hold of the desk to keep himself from falling, and finally shout: "Why, Cunningham, of course," and look pityingly at the operator, and then glance about the room with a pained, shocked expression, as one who would say, "Gentlemen, may not believe it, and I do not blame you—but heaven is my witness—here is a man that does not know that my name is Cunningham!" This is not unusual. Any operator will tell you that he has met Cunningham scores of times and has mortally offended him every time by asking his name.

Well, my tall man with the thin neck got along a little better than that when he handed the operator the following explicit message:

Mrs. Sarah H. Follinsbee, Dallas Centre, Iowa:

My Dear Wife—I left the city early this morning after eating breakfast with Prof. Morton, a live man in the temperance cause. I expected to eat dinner with you at home, but we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident, and I narrowly escaped being killed; one passenger was terribly mangled and has since died, but I am alive. The conductor says I cannot make connection so as to come to Dallas Centre this morning, but I can get there by eight o'clock this evening. I hate to disappoint you, but cannot help it. With love to mother and the children, I am your loving husband,

ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator read it, smiled and said: "You can save considerable expense and tell all that is really necessary, I presume, by shortening this message down to ten words. We have no wire directly into Dallas and will have to send this message part of the way over another line, which adds largely to the cost of transmission. Shall I shorten this for you?" "No, oh, no," the man with shawl replied, "I'll fix it myself. Ten words you say?" "Yes, sir." It was a stunner for a fact, and the man heaved a despairing sigh as he prepared to boil his "letter" down to ten words. He sighed again after reading it through once or twice, and then scratched out "Dallas Centre, Iowa," as though everybody knew where he lived. Then he erased "early" and drew his pen slowly through "breakfast with" and "in the temperance." Then he scratched over "dinner with" and went on to erase "and narrowly escaped." And so he went on through the dispatch. Occasionally he would hold it from him at arm's length after making an erasure, to get at the general effect. And at last after much scratching and erasing and with many signs, he came to the window and said, "Here is this telegraphic dispatch to my wife. I have not been able to condense it into ten words, and do not see how it can be done without garbling the sense of the dispatch, but if you can do it you would oblige me greatly, as I do not wish to incur any really unnecessary expense. And with that he handed the operator the following expunged edition of his original message:

Mrs. Sarah H. Follinsbee:

My Dear Wife—I left the city—this morning after eating—Prof. Morton alive—cause I expected to eat—you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad. I—being killed—terribly mangled and since died; but I am—the conductor,—I cannot—come to Dallas Centre—but I can,—I hate—mother and the children. Your loving husband,

ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator smiled once more and in his quick nervous way that grows out of his familiar association with the lightning, made a few quick dashes with his pencil, and without adding or changing a letter in the original message, shriveled it down to its very sinews, like this:

Sarah A. Follinsbee, Dallas Centre, Ia.:

Left city 'smorning; delayed by accident; all right; home 'sevening.

ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

"There, that is all right," he said in the cheery, magnetic way these operators have. "Fifty cents, sir; only 25 cents if we had our own wire into Dallas, sir; we'll have next spring; saves you several dollars, sir. That's right, thank you." And the man went and sat down on a chair by the stove and stared at the operator until the rescuing train came along, as though he were a worker of miracles. And when he got off the train at the junction for Dallas I heard him whispering softly to himself: "Shfollinshee—cllahn smorning; nothing smatter; home afternoon." And I knew that he was practicing his lesson and had "caught on."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

CATCHING A TARTAR.

A BURGLAR'S DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH A WATCHDOG.

It is customary of late for canine sagacity to be illustrated at the footlights as it has been for years in the highly spiced literature of youth, but rarely does tale or tragic situation supply more dramatic action or a more heroic actor than real life did the other night in New York City. There is a cosey little house at No. 485 West twenty-first street, which for some time has been occupied by Mrs. A. J. Manson and her daughter. Both are ladies of culture and refinement, given to study and artistic occupations, and, living alone as they did, with only a couple of domestics in the house, they found a guard and protector in their dog "Rex." "Rex" is a thoroughbred English mastiff, two years old. He has a great, sinewy body, covered with short brown hair, and his teeth were fitted for making fearful havoc. He is greatly attached to his mistress and ever on the alert for any harm that may threaten her, a watchfulness which a week ago was of great avail. The residence of Mrs. Manson, facing the grounds of the Theological Seminary, adjoins a house with a second story balcony. An expert climber could easily reach her window, and by the use of it there is reason to believe a burglar, or perhaps a couple, made an entrance into the house on the morning of the 13th inst. It was about half-past three o'clock. Mrs. Manson was sleeping in her bedchamber on the top floor, where the rooms of her daughter and the servant girls are also located. The weather was close and through the open doors the watchdog, Rex, could move at will. When he growled deeply and moved across her room this morning Mrs. Manson was aroused. Rex was upright and listening. Again came his low, sullen growl, and she presently heard him slipping down the stairs.

Unmindful of mischief she was composing herself to rest when a dreadful scream of agony came up from the room underneath, and the lady in a flurry hurried out to the hallway and down the stairs. She first believed one of the servants had gone down and been startled by the dog, but as she reached the end of the flight a figure appeared at the door of the second floor front room, which speedily showed her the true state of affairs. A man was there, a stranger, with uncovered head and frightened face. The gaslight burning dimly in the hallway showed a close cropped head fixed on a thick neck, with a florid mustached face. Over a grayish shirt was a black cutaway coat, and he wore dark pantaloons. Evidently surprised by the dog in pillaging the place he had turned to flee, when the grip of the mastiff upon his hand evoked the cry of pain. The member was bleeding now. The door knob he let go was red. In a twinkling he had reached the stairs and was descending. But "Rex," coming as he, was at his heels, and gathering up for a bound he drove his great tawny body against the flying burglar's shoulders.

The man went down as if struck by a club and rolled head over heels to the bottom, where he lay a moment dazed, with the mastiff's fangs on his throat and teeth in his flesh. The fall had stunned him, but he was quickly recalled to consciousness and in a dreadful way. "Rex" had seized him by the jaw. The fiery armed with sharp nails tore his face. The canine fangs reached the bone. Mrs. Manson bravely following the fugitive, heard that dreadful crunching and her woman's heart was sickened.

"Don't, Rex!" she called. "Don't!"

The enraged mastiff, mindful of his mistress' voice, drew back, and the hapless burglar, who had been desperately fighting with his fists and uttering fearful moans, made use of his chance. With an oath he struggled to his feet and sprang down the basement stairs with the mastiff after him. The kitchen is at the back, with the washtubs on one side and a door at the end opening on the yard. He had reached the latter, but the dog tearing at him again compelled him to put his back against it and fight with might and main. Mrs. Manson found him so when she entered. It was dark down stairs, but the gray of early dawn enabled her to see both the contestants. Without a moment's hesitation the stout-hearted lady advanced, but the fugitive, cowardly in his pain and exasperation, sprang at her and dealt her a couple of blows in quick succession. The scoundrel's fist drove her head back, and the second time it struck her full on the chest and knocked her bruised and half-stunned to the floor. A third blow was coming when Rex, who had to dash around the table to get at the man, gripped him by the arm. He turned away with a cry, shot back the bolt and vanished through the door into the yard. Miss Manson, coming down then after her mother, found the lady still upon the floor, with her eyes upturned and barely conscious. She aroused her, and after securing the door they went up stairs. Mrs. Manson's studio, where the dog had made the first attack, was topsy-turvy. The window was half opened where the burglar had tried to get out, but on the floor were blood drops, which had fell from the hand the mastiff had gripped. In an inner room was spread in a sheet, ready for removal, the "swag" of the night—various sealskin robes, some sets of furs, an eight hundred dollar shawl, various pieces of silverware, with eighteenlinen sheets and the dresses of the servants. The whole was valued at several thousand dollars.

While the ladies and the frightened servants were setting things to rights, Miss Manson, going to close the shutters, heard a bush in the corner of the yard rustling. As she glanced toward it she saw in the wan light a man's body rise above the wall and go over it. In another moment he appeared at the yard door of a tenement house in Twenty-second street, and the next he was gone. The burglar had clearly secreted himself in the yard, probably in the closet, when he broke loose from the mastiff's teeth, and only about twenty minutes later had made off.

The blows of the fellow's fists had hurt Mrs. Manson severely, but not seriously, and the visitation of himself and his accomplices, for he must have had some, seemed at first to have been unfruitful. On last Monday, however, Mrs. Manson had occasion to go to a writing desk in which she kept papers of a most important nature. This desk was in the room where the "swag" had been spread, and on opening it she was startled to find it ransacked and the papers gone. The intruder's work had been done more thoroughly than was at first supposed. Close following upon this came another discovery. On this very Monday morning an attempt had been made to poison Rex. A piece of meat was picked up in the sitting room on the second floor which seemed to have been thrown in from the street. It contained a lump of cyanide of potassium big enough to poison an ox. Then the detectives of the local precinct were sent for and the case given to them. On inquiry they learned that the burglarious entrance of the house on the 4th instant had been preceded by another within the same week. This time Mrs. Manson was awakened by hearing Rex scurrying down stairs as on the latter occasion. She fancied that she heard a struggle on the first floor, but before she could descend the dog came upagain and seemed to bar her progress. Thinking nothing was amiss she retired. But in the morning the front door was found to be open and Rex's bleeding head bore the marks of a slungshot.

No trace of the mangled burglar is reported as yet. The case is still a mystery. But there is little doubt that Rex's teeth have set upon his face a brand that should enable even police sagacity to single him out as soon as he comes from cover.

Old Maids.

A little correspondent of tender 'teens inquires: "Why is it that 'old maids' are always so cross and disagreeable?" and adds the platonic reflection that she "would rather die than be an old maid." Our confiding little correspondent, who signs herself "Katie," is assured that she is very greatly mistaken in the belief that all "old maids" are "cross and disagreeable." There are many worse fates that may befall a girl in this world than to live to become an "old maid." It is unpleasant to admit, however, that there is probable excuse for the impression that Katie has thus early received respecting the nature of the mature spinster, and she is not to be severely blamed if she would rather "climb the golden stair" than become one of the cross, disagreeable creatures she has in view. No one will deny that her typical "old maid" exists. Most people have met with her, either as the frivolous, worldly woman, who, with rouge bedaubed, wrinkled countenance and watery eye, at 50 apes the dress and manners of the blooming, peach cheeked girl of 17 as disgusting a sight as one well can see; or as the prim, starched spinster, of crabbed voice and vinegar mien, who seems to consider childhood or youth a crime, love a disgrace and a light heart a sin; who spends her time spying and prying into her neighbors' affairs, and through her gossiping, evil tongue making herself the terror of her acquaintances and the nuisance of the neighborhood. In a hotel or boarding house she becomes a scourge; the words that fall from her tongue drip with scandal and gall, and children, above all others, give her a wide berth. It is no wonder, if Katie has come in contact with one of this class, that she has received the impression she discloses. But there is another side of the picture—the gentle, sweet faced maiden lady, with a heart as light as that of innocent childhood, and voice as silvery as her hair. Which of us cannot recall among our acquaintances some such sweet natured, lovable woman, whose days seem to be spent in filling up the joys of other lives; whose only words are those of love and tenderness, and whose presence sheds sunshine and happiness upon the circle in which she moves? Many such there are who, it would seem, remained single in order to sow blessings around them and be general comforters. The blight of disappointment, heartache and sorrow she may have endured; but the clouds have not obscured the light that springs from a noble life, and affliction has but deepened the depth of her sympathy. The children love her and look up to her as a sort of fairy godmother—the never-failing source of kindly talk and pleasant surprises; the young people confide in her and counsel with her in their tribulations; you will never hear her disparaging the marriage state or railing against mankind—and woman, too, for that matter—in general; she looks upon wedded life as the highest and holiest sphere for woman, and, perhaps, through her wise admonition many a love match is aided. What though she has missed woman's purest bliss, the disappointment has not soured her disposition, nor turned the affections of her nature into wormwood. A nobler life may sometimes spring from the grave of earthly hopes.

The sympathies of such a one are boundless and ever ready. Where there is poverty and sickness and sorrow she moves as a ministering angel. In the Church, in the social circle or about the family hearth she is always welcome; and when her pure, unselfish life is ended she is mourned with a sincerity that tells more truthfully than epitaph how dearly she was beloved and how noble and beautiful her earthly career has been. When Katie becomes acquainted with one of these lovable creatures she will learn that one may become an "old maid" and not be such a disagreeable being after all. From time immemorial the term "old maid" has been used as a sneer and reproach for women who have attained a certain or uncertain age without reaching the goal of matrimony. It is as cruel as unjust. Considering the sacredness of the marriage tie—alas! too frequently overlooked nowadays—who dare criticise a woman for remaining single? She may have as fair chances of her own earthly happiness for the sake of others, for love may be buried in the grave, or responsibilities of friends or kindred may have demanded her every life energy. Again, many women may reason that it is not best to "marry in haste and repent at leisure." If marriage is at best a lottery, as some philosophers tell us, better not marry at all than at haphazard, and thus risk the happiness of two lives instead of one. While girls should be taught that a well-assorted union, grounded upon mutual love and respect, is the happiest position to be attained, they should also be assured that woman may live a life of single blessedness without the fear of becoming the butt of ridicule and ungenerous criticism.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MASONIC HALL

FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasse

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with

FURNITURE

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Full and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on Hand.

Friends and patrons are invited

CALL AND SEE US

in our location, and

Look at our Stock

SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

PLUMBING
Gas and Steam Fitting.

As the citizens of Smethport are about to introduce water into their streets,

IRLBACKER & DAVIS,

No. 503 Main Street,

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—AND—

IRLBACKER, DAVIS & CO.,

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Offer their services to do anything desired in the line of Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting, guaranteeing the best possible work and materials at the lowest possible prices.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

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Contractor in Stone Masonry, Brick Work, Lathing and Plastering.

LIME,

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PLASTER and

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Furnished at the LOWEST RATES.

J. C. HAMLIN & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

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OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,

SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

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New Carriage Shop

IN SMETHPORT.

CONKLIN WAGONS,

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CARRIAGES,

AND SLEIGHS,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

None but good material used. All work warranted, and prices reasonable. Give me a call and you will go away well pleased.

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W. H. Wetenhall.

SMETHPORT, March 10, 1881.—yl.

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Surgeon Dentist,

SMETHPORT, PA.

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Preservation of natural teeth a specialty. 26tf.

LARABEE GREENHOUSE,

Has more plants than ever, and finer.

Winter Blooming Plants

IN MANY VARIETIES.

Cut Flowers to Order or in Designs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls.

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DRUGS & MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

FANCY GOODS, &C.

KANE PA.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed, and that on Monday, February 2, he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk.

At 7 Cents a Quart

until Spring, when the price will be reduced. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan' 2, 1882-tf.

Lumber and Shingle Mill

FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE, on reasonable terms, a valuable lumber and shingle mill, with a capacity of 10,000 feet per day, situated in

FARMERS VALLEY,

On the McKean railroad, about five miles from Smethport. Would also be willing to move mill and take job of manufacturing lumber. Full particulars as to terms can be obtained by addressing him at Farmers Valley P. O., or calling at the premises.

P. K. BETTS.

Farmers Valley, Feb. 11, 1882.-6t-3m*

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Go away from home to

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BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

I employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

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These goods are all hand-made by first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Hemlock and Oak tanned leather.

CALL AT MYSHOP and I will convince you that I can do better by you than can any foreign dealers.

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Smethport, Pa. April 24, 1879

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OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."

Smethport, - Pa.

February 8, 1881. 9-1y

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AGENTS WANTED for the Life, Public Services, Battles and Triumphs of Gen. GARFIELD. The only complete and authentic Life of our martyred President. Agents are selling from 20 to 40 per day. Send for our extra terms to Agents, and extra inducements. Address HALLETT, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Me.

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Forever Purifies Puts make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for $ 1 a box. Sold by druggists. Address I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass. formerly Bangor, Me.

23-1yr.

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Because they have proved themselves the Best External Remedy ever invented. They will cure asthma, colds, coughs, rheumatism, neuralgia, and any local pains.

Applied to the small of the back they are infallible in Back-Ache, Nervous Debility, and all Kidney troubles; to the pit of the stomach they are a sure cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are painless, fragrant, and quick to cure. Beware of imitations that blister and burn. Get ALLCOCK'S, the only Genuine Porous Plaster. 14-sow-13t.

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INVARIABLY

Gives Immediate Relief and Cure

IN THE FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS:

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Read what Others say

Wm. F. New Bedford, N. J., says: "Asiatic Ague Cure is a perfect success. Cured me of Chills and Fever after which I had been many years. It is the only one I ever found that would do it. Have no place for the word of Fever and Ague."

J. B. Brower, of Belleville Ave., Jersey City, N. J., writes: "I paid $75.00 for Chills and Fever, which I had for two years. I tried your Asiatic Ague Cure. It cured me of Chills and Fever. I had it cured and for the Best."

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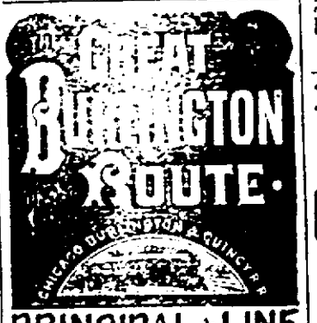

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LINES OF TRAVEL.

B. N. Y. & P. R. R.—CLERMONT BRANCH.

Lv Smethport	STATIONS.	Lv Smethport
P.M.	A.M.	A.M. P.M.
5.45	Lewisdale	11.30 5.15
5.37	Flisbey	11.22 5.07
5.29	Fairmans Valley	11.14 4.59
5.10	Smethport	11.00 4.45
4.56	Crosby	10.38 4.24
4.47	Colegrove	10.29 4.15
4.40	Hamlin	10.22 4.08
4.22	Weaver	10.04 3.50
4.05	Clermont	9.47 3.33

BRADFORD, BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD Time Table. Takes effect Monday, December 26, 1881.

EASTWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	1	3	5
	A. m.	P. m.	P. m.
Bradford, Dep	7 00	1 45	5 00
Erie Crossing	7 10	1 55	5 10
Tarport	7 14	1 59	5 14
Chaplin	7 18	2 03	5 18
Hazlewood	7 21	2 06	5 21
Forest	7 25	2 10	5 25
Fyler	7 30	2 15	5 30
Applewood	7 34	2 19	5 34
Kinzua Junction	7 38	2 23	5 38
Melvin	7 41	2 26	5 41
Meade City	7 44	2 29	5 44
Mayburg	7 48	2 33	5 48
Raw City	7 52	2 37	5 52
Bortell, Ar	8 00	2 45	6 00
Bortell, Dep	8 05	2 50	6 05
Bermania	8 10	2 55	6 10
Allens	8 14	2 59	6 14
Athen	8 18	3 03	6 18
Davis Switch	8 21	3 06	6 21
Van Vleet's	8 24	3 09	6 24
Grundy's	8 31	3 16	6 31
Smethport, Ar	8 40	3 25	6 40

WESTWARD TRAINS.

STATIONS.	2	4	6
	A. m.	P. m.	P. m.
Smethport, Dep	8 40	3 25	6 40
Grundy's	8 47	3 32	6 47
Simpson	8 54	3 39	6 54
Van Vleet	8 57	3 42	6 57
Davis Switch	9 00	3 45	7 00
Athen	9 03	3 48	7 03
Allens	9 07	3 52	7 07
Bermania	9 12	3 57	7 12
Bortell	9 16	4 01	7 16
New City	9 20	4 05	7 20
McCalmont	9 24	4 09	7 24
Meade City	9 28	4 13	7 28
Melvin	9 31	4 16	7 31
Kinzua Junction	9 35	4 20	7 35
Maplewood	9 39	4 24	7 39
Taylor	9 43	4 28	7 43
Forest	9 47	4 32	7 47
Hazlewood	9 51	4 36	7 51
Chaplin	9 55	4 40	7 55
Tarport	9 58	4 43	7 58
Erie Crossing	10 02	4 47	8 02
Bradford, Ar	10 12	4 55	8 10

Trains will be run by New York time. During Court week the 4.30 p. m. train will be held at Smethport until 6.00 p. m.

All Passenger Trains make direct connections at Kinzua Junction with trains to and from New City and Bortell.

SUNDAY TRAINS leave Bradford at 9.45 a. m. and 5.30 p. m. Leave Smethport at 8.15 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.

R. C. WILLIAMS, Supt.

Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia R'y.

Trains Run on Buffalo Time.

NO SUNDAY TRAINS.

NORTHWARD.	STATIONS.	SOUTHWARD.
A. m. P. m.	Ar. Lv.	A. m. P. m.
8 05, 6 00	Buffalo	9 00 2 00
8 16 6 11	Kleinsorge	8 50 1 50
8 25 6 20	Spring Brook	8 41 1 41
8 30 6 25	Elma	8 36 1 36
8 54 6 47	Jamison	8 13 1 13
9 44 8 10	East Aurora	7 30 12 30
9 51 8 16	Wales	7 23 12 23
9 57 8 22	Holland	7 17 12 17
10 10 8 37	Protection	7 02 12 02
10 20 8 45	Ar. Lv.	6 55 11 55
10 25 8 50	Arcade	6 50 11 50
10 35 9 00	Yorkshire	6 40 11 40
10 45 9 05	Machias Junc.	6 30 11 30
10 55 9 15	Franklinville	6 20 11 20
11 04 9 24	Ischua	6 11 11 11
11 10 9 30	Elkhorn	6 05 11 05
11 17 9 37	Iberville	5 58 10 58
11 27 9 47	Cattaraugus	5 48 10 48
11 35 9 55	Little Valley	5 40 10 40
11 45 10 05	Randolph	5 30 10 30
11 55 10 15	Kiantone	5 20 10 20
12 05 10 25	Forestville	5 10 10 10
12 15 10 35	Dunkirk	5 00 10 00

CONNECTIONS.

At Buffalo, with all Railroads diverging.
At S. & B. Ry Junction, with N. & P. Ry.
At Machias Junc., with Rochester & Pitts. R.R.
At Erie Ry Junc., with N. Y., L. E. & W. Ry.
At Cattaraugus, with D. L. & W. Ry. for Bradford.
At Elkhorn, with K. & E. Ry. for Bradford.
At Larrabees, with McKean & Buffalo Ry.
At Emporium, with Philadelphia & Erie Ry.
Train 1, Palace Parlor Car, makes direct connections at Emporium for points South and East. Through Sleeping Car from Emporium Wm. R. Baldwin, Chas. B. Gatchell, Gen'l Pass'r Agent. Gen. Supt.

In effect Dec. 25, 1881.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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